The Southwester

06

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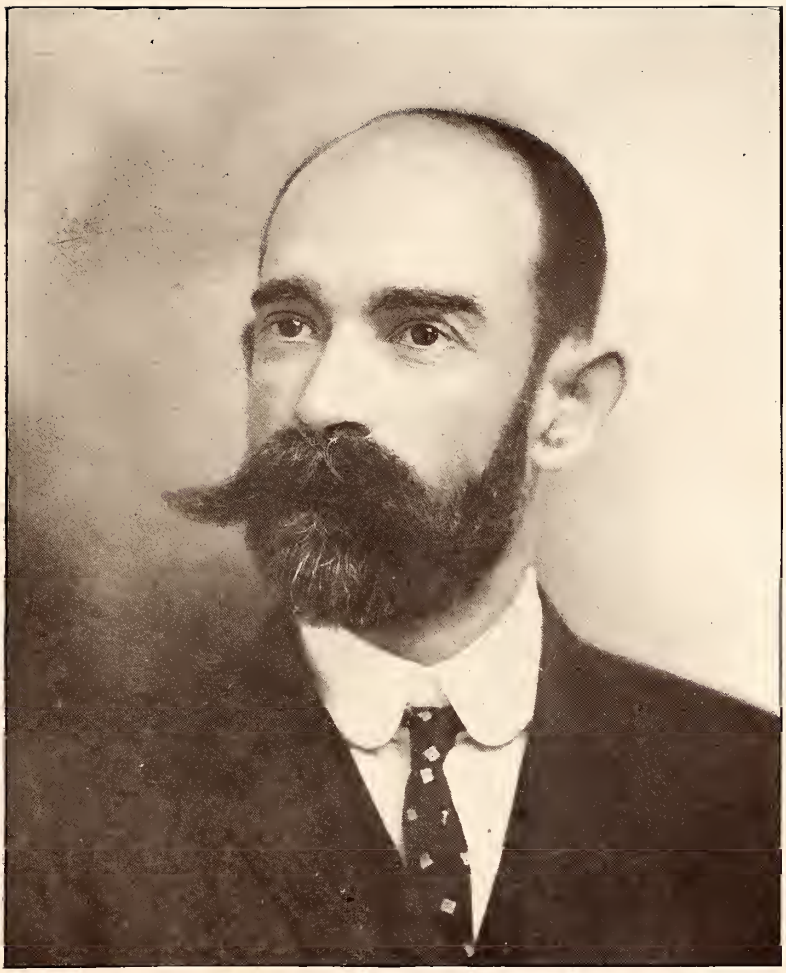
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TO

DOCTOR ROBERT STEWART HYER,

THE LOVED REGENT OF
SOUTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY,
THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED.

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DR. ROBERT STEWART HYER.



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ROBERT STEWART HYER, M.A., LL.D.

REGENT OF SOUTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY.
PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS.

Robert Stewart Hyer was born October 18, 1860, in Oxford, Ga. He attended the Atlanta High School and later Emory College preparatory school, where he won a scholarship to Emory College, which he entered in 1876. There he became a member of the XΦ Fraternity and also joined the Few Literary Society, progressing in public speaking until he won the Sophomore Declaimer's Medal, also the Junior Orator's Medal. During his last two years at Emory he was assistant professor in laboratory chemistry. In 1881 he received the A.B. degree with first honors.

Southwestern University having secured his services as Professor of Natural Science, he reached Georgetown, Tex., December 20, 1881, assuming his duties in January, 1882, and from that time has been identified with the growth of the University, acting a more prominent part than his retiring nature displays to the public.

Honors have come to him unsought. After he received, in 1884, the degree M.A. from his *alma mater*, Central College of Missouri conferred the degree LL.D. upon the now widely-known scientist.

Love—fairest of honor's garlands, but, in this instance, not unsought—crowned Dr. Hyer, when he was united, February 24, 1887, in marriage with Miss Margaret Hudgins, a graduate of S. W. U. Dr. and Mrs. Hyer have three children: Victoria Ray, Robert Stewart, Jr., and Margaret Hearne. Not the least of Dr. Hyer's honors is a remark, made in conversation, by his wife: "Dr. Hyer never loses his temper."

He has been three times a delegate to the General Conference of the M. E. Church, South; in 1898, at Baltimore; in 1902, at Dallas, and at Birmingham in 1906. He was also a delegate to the Ecumenical Conference in London in 1901, at which time, accompanied by Mrs. Hyer, he spent three months in England.

When the famous X-ray was discovered, Dr. Hyer's prompt experiments and thorough researches at once extended his reputation as a scientist. His election as Regent soon followed. The special meeting of the Curators of Southwestern University in 1897 at Waco elected Dr. Hyer, Regent, but he declined the honor, preferring to devote his whole attention to science. However, he was again elected to the Regency, May 30, 1898. Although it was with reluctance that Dr. Hyer assumed the responsibility, yet since his incumbency of the office his abil-

ities have constantly advanced the institution. But that he might devote more time to his Chair of Physics, he has resigned the Regency on three different occasions; however, each time the Board of Curators has refused to accept his resignation. If they are spoiling a good scientist, they are at least keeping an able Regent.

Among the forward steps of the University during Dr. Hyer's regency is the completion of the main building, also the founding of several new chairs. The Chair of Natural Science has become three different departments: the chair of Chemistry, the Chair of Biology, the Chair of Physics; the latter of which Dr. Hyer now holds. The Chair of Biblical Literature has also been founded. But more especially due to Dr. Hyer's efforts individually is the raising of the college curriculum, which has placed the college work of S. W. U. in the forefront, and for this advance Dr. Hyer should have the largest share of praise.

In character, Dr. Hyer is one who should be known well to be appreciated. He does not dwindle by close acquaintance. The most serious charge against him is that his retiring nature obscures his own light. The respect of the student-body —a good index of character—is commanded by Dr. Hyer without effort. Self-control gives him such influence over the students that he is known among them as "King Bob."

Dr. Hyer's times cannot now be written. If he reaches man's allotted three-score and ten years, more than half his work in life may still lie in the future.

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The Sou'wester, 1906.

The Year Book of Southwestern University, Published by the Athletic Association.



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PUBLISHED IN MAY, 1906.

FRANKLIN HUDSON PUBLISHING CO.
KANSAS CITY, MO.



UNIVERSITY BUILDING.

SOUTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY—ITS PURPOSES AND PROSPECTS.

Southwestern University was established in 1872 by Dr. F. A. Mood and his confrères for the explicit purpose of providing Christian education for the young men and women of Texas. Christian education has a threefold object: the harmonious development of man intellectually, morally, and physically; and any form of education which stresses any of these phases to the neglect of another is abnormal and perversive.

For the intellectual culture of the students who may matriculate with it, Southwestern University has a large and efficient corps of Professors and Instructors; a liberal supply of apparatus for its scientific departments; literary societies for the young men and for the young ladies; a well-selected library of more than eight thousand volumes; and excellent advantages in the special Departments of Art, Music, and Expression.

The moral environments are unusual. Besides the churches and their regular services, there are a Young Men's Christian Association and a Young Women's Christian Association, both of which are well attended. The moral atmosphere of Georgetown is wholesome. Perhaps the most significant step taken this year was the organization of the Students' Council of Honor, consisting of representatives from the different classes, who try to adjust all cases of dishonorable conduct, any student having the right to appeal his case to the Faculty.

The Athletic Association is one of the most active organizations in the University, the students taking a very lively interest in it. The ball team, the track team, and the Glee Club are controlled by it. Considerable headway is being made, looking to the erection and equipment of a gymnasium. A large amount of money is already pledged, and the enterprise will be vigorously pushed to its completion.

Through the very successful efforts of Rev. John R. Nelson, the Financial Agent of the University, funds are being raised for the erection of another dormitory for young men. It is hoped that this building will be ready for use in the fall. It will cost approximately $50,000, and will be strictly modern in all respects, and will help to solve the problem of the ever-increasing attendance of the University.

The Medical Department, located at Dallas, has attained a high degree of success. The far-sightedness in recognizing and taking advantage of the facilities which Dallas affords for a college of medicine and pharmacy is becoming more and more evident. The clinical opportunities offered by St. Paul's Sanitarium and other institutions, combined with a large and well-trained Faculty, will make this a large and successful department.

The awakening interest in Christian education in Texas makes us the more confident of the future of Southwestern University. Aside from the enterprises already launched, others will follow. Increased endowment and a library building are sure to be secured. More scholarships will be established; new departments will be added, and more extensive courses provided. Just as surely as the Methodists of Texas realize the possibilities of the institution they have founded, they will give to it with unstinted generosity, and perpetuate it as an exponent of our Christian civilization. —*J. H Reedy.*

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JOHN ROBERT ALLEN, A.B., D.D.,

Philosophy.

Born in Iredell County, N. C. A.B. degree from Southern University in 1873; D.D. degree in 1891; ex-member of North Mississippi Conference; at present member of North Texas Conference; held Chairs in Dallas Female College and Marvin College; elected to Chair of Philosophy in 1892; President of Annex.

M. C. AMOS, A.B., Ph.B.,

German.

A German by birth. A. B., with honors, Bartler College; Ph.B. and fellowship, Chicago University; Tutor in German, *ibid.*; resident and non-resident student for Ph.D. in Germanic Literature, Philosophy, and Old English Philosophy, *ibid.;* Teacher in Palestine High School; elected to Chair of Germanic Languages in S. W. U., 1905.

J. SAM BARCUS, A.M.,

Bible.

Born, 1865. A.M. Southwestern in 1890; two years in Vanderbilt University, taking a theological degree in 1892; member Northwest Texas Conference; President of Clarenden College, Clarenden, Texas, three years; elected to Chair of Practical Theology and Biblical Literature in S. W. U., 1905.

CLAUDE CARR CODY, A.M., PH.D.,

Mathematics.

Georgian by birth. First honors Emory, 1875; A.M., Emory, 1878; later Ph.D., from same institution; elected Professor of Mathematics in 1879; Senior member of Faculty in S. W. U., and it is claimed that he is the Senior Professor of Texas, holding a Professorship, longer than any man in Texas; Secretary of Faculty, Chairman of Faculty, President of Annex, and Manager of Giddings Hall at different times; Dean of the Summer Schools.



STEPHEN H. MOORE, A.B.,

History.

Born in Tennessee. Student and Teacher in McTyeire Institute. A.B. degree, Vanderbilt University, 1894; Principal Fitting School, 1894–1904; summers spent at University of Chicago; spent last year at Columbia University.

ALBERT SHIPP PEGUES, A.M.,

English.

Born in South Carolina. A.B. and A.M., Wofford College, 1892; Principal Hampton Graded School; elected in 1893 to position in Fitting School; in 1903 elected to Assistant Professor of English; in 1904 elected to Principal Fitting School and Manager of Giddings Hall; elected to Chair of English in S. W. U., 1905.

JOHN HENRY REEDY, A.M.,

Chemistry.

Native Texan. First Honor Graduate S. W. U., 1900; taught Latin and Greek in Hargrove College, 1901–02; Department of Science, Coronal Institute, 1902–05; summers spent at University of Chicago; in 1905 elected to Chair of Chemistry in S. W. U.

RANDOLPH WARD TINSLEY, M.S.,

Biology and Geology.

Native of Virginia. Graduated from Miller Training School, Va., 1890; University of Virginia, in Science, 1893; Assistant Professor of Science, Washington College, Md., 1893–94; Vice-Principal Friends' Institute, Md., 1894–96; Chair of Science, University of New Mexico, 1897–98; Professor of Science, State Normal Schools of Pennsylvania, 1899–1903; elected to Chair of Biology and Chemistry for year 1903–04; elected to Chair of Biology and Geology, 1904.



Wesley Carroll Vaden, A.M.,

Latin and Greek.

A Virginian by birth. A.M. degree man from Randolph-Macon College; Associate Professor of Latin and Greek in Randolph-Macon; taught in Chesapeake Academy; elected in 1893 to Chair of Latin and Greek in Southwestern University.

Ryland Fletcher Young, A.M.,

Romance Languages.

Born in Fayette County, Texas, on September 30, 1858. First A.M. graduate of S. W. U.; three years at Leipsic, Germany, and later in France, Italy, and England; elected in 1880 to Chair of Romance Languages, which he still holds.

James Evans Binkley,

History and Civics.

Born in Tennessee; reared in Texas. Graduate of Texas Military Institute; Adjunct Professor of Mathematics, A. and M. College of Texas; Principal Public School at Columbus, Texas, for nine years; Superintendent city schools at Temple, Texas, three years; now Instructor in History, S. W. U. Fitting School.

Frank E. Burcham, Ph.B.,

Mathematics in Fitting School.

Student in Mayfield-Smith Academy; Ph.B. degree from Central College, 1895; Professor in Northwest Missouri College, Marvin Collegiate Institute, and S. W. U. Fitting School; one summer's work in University of Chicago; Professor of Mathematics in Fitting School; elected Principal of Fitting School and Manager of Giddings Hall, 1905.

CHARLES HENRY YOUNG, A.M.,
English.

Born in Sussex County, Virginia, October 31, 1877. Assistant Professor of English in the College and Instructor in English in the Fitting School; prepared for college at the Petersburg High School, Petersburg, Va.; was graduated from Randolph-Macon College, with the degree of M.A., in 1901; received a scholarship to the Johns Hopkins University in 1903, and spent the session of 1903–04 at that institution, pursuing graduate work in Italian, French, and Spanish; Instructor in French and Latin in the Martinsville High School, Martinsville, Va., 1904–05.

REV. WILLIAM L. NELMS, D.D.,
Dean of the School of Theology.

Born in Griffin, Ga., in 1858. Entered ministry of the M. E. Church, South, 1877; elected three times leader of his conference delegation; also representative of his conference to the Ecumenical Conference of Methodism, held at London, 1901; received honorary degree D.D. from S. W. U., 1900; was President Board of Trustees of Granbury College and member Board of Trustees of Polytechnic College; Curator S. W. U.; Dean of School of Theology, S. W. U.

J. O. APPLEQUIST,
Registrar.

Student in Southwestern University, 1903–05; elected Registrar of the University, 1905.

MRS. J. R. ALLEN,
Matron Ladies' Annex.





Miss Ethel Doak,

Voice.

Studied one year in Central College, Lexington, Mo. This is her second year of study in Southwestern, and as assistant in Voice and Harmony.

Miss Mamie Howren, A.M.,

Fitting School.

A.M. degree, Southwestern University, in 1890, with first honors; taught Mathematics in Paris Institute, Paris; Latin and English in Polytechnic Institute, Midlothian; Latin and English in Granbury College, Granbury; Teacher in Fitting School, S. W. U.

Miss Cassie Rose Larmer,

Piano.

Miss Larmer has studied under the best masters of Chicago, Boston, Paris, and Berlin, the last four years of her work being done in the Leschetzsky School, under Maas, Eisler, and Stepanoff. This completes Miss Larmer's fifth year with Southwestern. Her ability is too well known to need comment.

Mrs. Maggie McKennon, A.B.,

Librarian.

Daughter of Founder of Southwestern University, Dr. F. A. Mood. Graduated from S. W. U. with A.B.; Teacher in Colegio Ingles, San Luis Potosi, and in McDonnell Institute, Durango; elected Librarian, 1903.

Miss Margaret C. McKenzie,

Art.

Honor Graduate, Art Department, Alma College, St. Thomas, Ontario; student in New York City for one year; teacher in S. W. U. for five years; returned North to study with Wm. St. Thomas Smith, R. C. A., the well-known water-color painter, and to assist him in the work of teaching; returned to S. W. U., September, 1905.

Miss Minnie C. Newey,

Voice.

Miss Minnie Newey, of New York City, is the Teacher of Voice. She has had much experience in choir work in the city churches, and has taught in St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C., and the State Normal, Indiana, Pa.; Teacher of Voice in S. W. U., 1905.

Miss Clara Annabel Oldfield,

Pianoforte.

Student for seven years in Oberlin Conservatory of Music; student under Dr. Wm. Mason, foremost in pianoforte music in America; student for two years under Dr. Jedleezka, Berlin, Germany; Pianoforte Teacher of Music in S. W. U., 1904.

Miss Beulah Richardson,

Pianoforte.

Miss Richardson is one of few graduates of the Pianoforte School of Music of Southwestern University. Her work is intelligent, musical; this, added to personal charms and conscientious instruction, makes her valuable as a teacher. This is her second year with Southwestern.





Miss Bertha Seabury,
Violin.

Began musical studies at an early age with Harold Plowe, of Peoria (Ill.) Conservatory of Music; later, student under Wietrowetz and Klinger in Berlin Hoch-Schule; also attended classes of Wirth and Joachim; elected to Instructor of Stringed Instruments in S. W. U., 1904.

Miss Cora Lee Smith, B.S., Ph.B.,
Elocution.

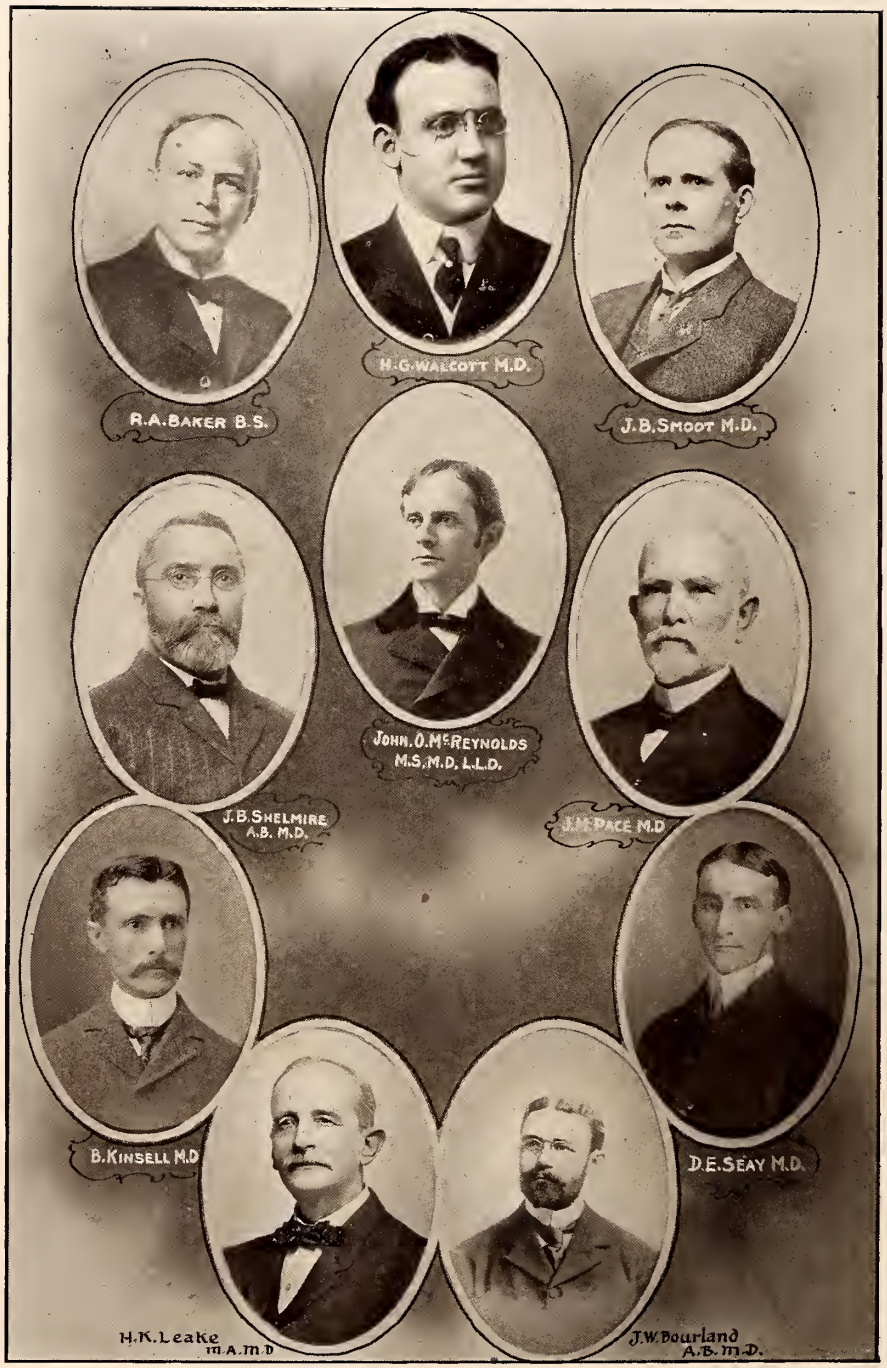
First Honor Graduate Logan College, Russellville, Ky., B.S.; Ph.B., University of Chicago; student Stetson University and N. Y. Chautauqua; certificate in Expression, University of Chicago; taught Expression in Lynuland Institute, Glendale, Ky., and the Cross School, Louisville, Ky.; taught English Literature in the Kidd-Key College, Sherman; elected to Chair of Expression in S. W. U., 1905.

Miss Marie Van Aaken,
Pianoforte.

Miss Van Aaken is a native of Holland; has spent her first year in America in connection with Southwestern University. She was brought up in a musical atmosphere, her father being a violinist. The last few years of her study, however, were in Germany under the celebrated Cañeno, and she is a worthy representative of this artist. Miss Van Aaken's playing is characterized by spontaneity, fire, and brilliancy.



MAIN BUILDING, MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.



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COUNCIL OF HONOR.


06

SENIOR ACADEMIC.



E. M. Armstrong, B.S., A.M.,

Blooming Grove, Tex.

"I have touched the highest point of all my greatness."

ΦΔΘ; Alamo; Ananias Club; Marshal, '04–05; Inter-Society Relations Committee, '04–05; President Alamo Society, '05; B.S., '05; Editor-in-Chief of Sou'wester, '06; Member of Council of Honor, '06.

H. F. Bailey, A.B.,

Toyah, Tex.

"Here is my throne; bid kings come and bow to it."

San Jacinto; Intermediate Debater, '05; winner Story Medal, '04; Lecture Committee, '05–06; Junior Orator, '05; German Club; Senior Staff, '06; President San Jacinto, '06; Brooks Prize Debater, '06; Senior Orator.

T. S. Barkley, B.S., A.M.,

Ennis, Tex.

"Honor is like that glassy bubble
That finds philosophers such trouble."

ΦΔΘ; Alamo; Junior Orator, '05; Executive Committee of Athletic Association, '04–05–06; Captain Track Team, '04–05–06; President Alamo Society, '06; Manager of Football, '05–06; Manager Track Team, '06.

W. J. B. Buttrell, B.S.,

Mansfield, Tex.

"One whose exterior semblance doth belie his soul's immensity."

San Jacinto; Junior Orator, '05; Chief Marshal, '06; Commencement President San Jacinto Society, '06.

L. F. Chapman, A.B.,
Georgetown, Tex.

"What could I wish that I possess not here?"

KA; San Jacinto; Fresh-Soph Declamation Medal, '03; Intermediate Debater, '04; Glee Club, '04–05–06; Manager Glee Club, '05–06; Inter-Society Relations Committee, '05–06; Magazine Staff, '04–05; Sou'wester Staff, '04; State Oratorical Contest, '05; Junior Orator's Medal, '05; President Athletic Association, '05–06; Inter-Collegiate Debater, '06; Senior Orator, '06.

Mary Church, B.S.,
Farmersville, Tex.

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

ΣΣΣ; Alethean; S Σ S; President Alethean Society, '05–06; Sou'wester Staff, '05; Magazine Staff, '04; Associate Editor of Magazine, '05–06; Inter-Society Relations Committee, '03–04.

W. M. Craig, A.B.,
Georgetown, Tex.

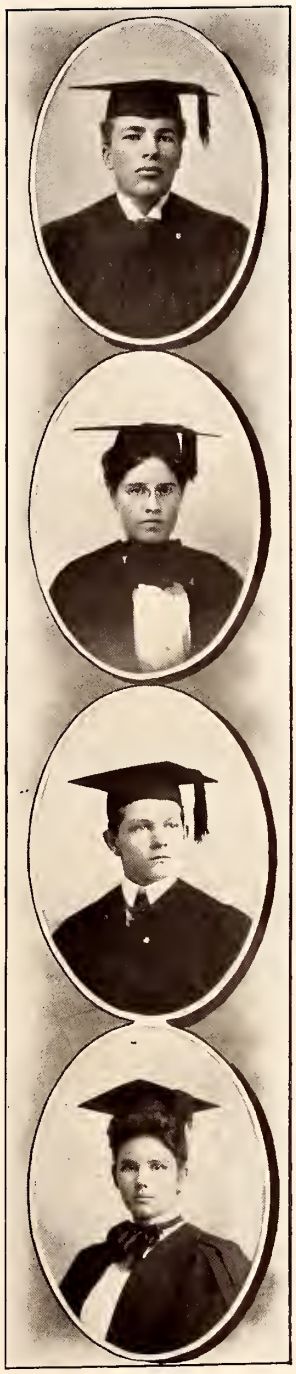
"Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long monument."

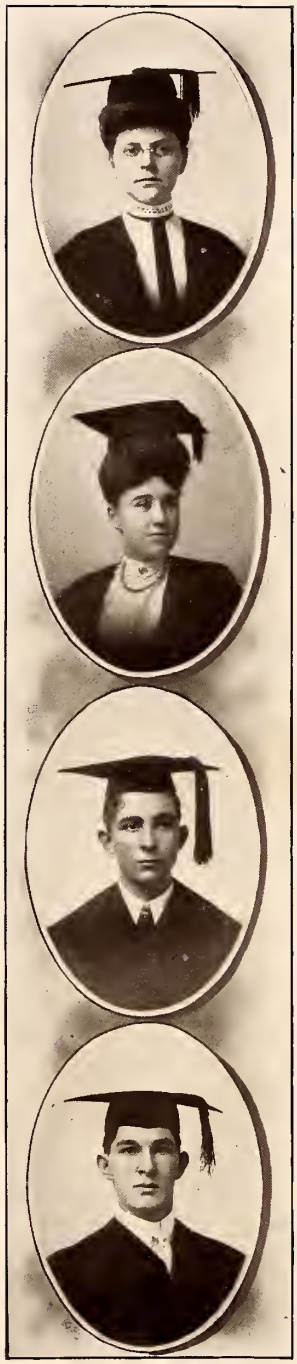
San Jacinto; Tennis Club, '05–06; Vice-President San Jacinto Society, '05.

Maggie Crockett, B.S.,
Springtown, Tex.

"Fit language there is none
For the heart's deepest things."

Alethean; President Alethean, '06; Secretary Annex Athletic Association, '06.





ETHEL DOAK, Voice,
Amarillo, Tex.

"There's such a charm in melancholy
I would not, if I could, be gay."

Clio; President Clio Society, '06; Inter-Society Relations Committee, '05–06; Assistant in Voice, '05–06.

PAULINE ELLINGTON, Elocution,
Vernon, Tex.

"For nonsense, being neither false nor true,
A little wit to anthing may screw."

HYT.

A. N. EVANS, A.B.,
Stamford, Tex.

"There are those who sigh that no fond heart is theirs."

San Jacinto; SOU'WESTER Staff, '05; Junior Orator, '05; President San Jacinto Society, '06; Magazine Staff, '05–06.

W. K. FERGUSON, B.S.,
Leesville, La.

'Look! he is winding up the watch of his wit;
By and by it will strike."

Alamo; Junior Orator, '05; Lecture Committee, '05–06; Tennis Club, '06; President Alamo Society, '06.



MORRIS FLEMING, A.B.,
Mt. Vernon, Tex.

"Noble by birth, yet nobler by great deeds."

San Jacinto; Marshal, '04–05; Magazine Staff, '04–05; Council of Honor, '05–06; Business Manager Magazine, '05–06; Manager Baseball Team, '06; Executive Committee Athletic Association, '06; President San Jacinto Society, '06; Inter-Society Relations Committee, '05–06; President Senior Class.

LAURA FOWLER, Violin,
Beaumont, Tex.

"Shut up in measureless content."

ΣΣΣ; Alethean; Alethean Society, '04–05; Lecture Committee, '05–06; Magazine Staff, '06; Inter-Society Relations Committee, '04–05; S Σ S.

MATTIE GALLOWAY, Elocution,
Georgetown, Tex.

"O wonderful daughter that can so astonish a mother!"

B. D. GILES, A.B.,
China Springs, Tex.

"The stoutest armor of defense is that which is in the bosom."

Alamo; Inter-Society Relations Committee, '05–06; Lecture Committee, '05–06; Magazine Staff, '05–06; Captain Football Team, '05–06; SOU'WESTER Staff, '06; President of Junior Class, '05; Vice-President Senior Class.



ZENA HALL, B.S.,
Georgetown, Tex.

"My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up."

C. F. HAMFF, A.B.,
Paige, Tex.

"A bold man or a fool would he be, who would change his lot with another."

Alamo; German Club; Supervisory Board, '06; President Alamo Society, '06; President of German Club, '06; Glee Club, '04–05–06; Senior Orator.

J. S. HENRY, A.B.,
Kennedy, Tex.

"His talk is the sweet extract of all speech,
And holds mine ear in blissful slavery."

San Jacinto.

NORA HOTCHKISS, Ph.B.,
Temple, Tex.

"Mixed reason and pleasure, wisdom and mirth."

ΣΣΣ; Clio; President Clio Society; Associate Editor Magazine, '04–05; Magazine Staff, '06; SOU'WESTER Staff, '06; Lecture Committee, '05–06; Inter-Society Relations Committee, '05–06; S Σ S Club.

H. L. McNeil, A.B.,
Houston, Tex.

"Oh, there 's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream!"

ΦΔΘ; Alamo; Ananias Club; Football Team; German Club."

Lida Miller, Piano,
Brownwood, Tex.

"As the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumined with her eye."

Alethean; Inter-Society Relations Committee, '05–06.

R. A. Moore, B.S.,
Georgetown, Tex.

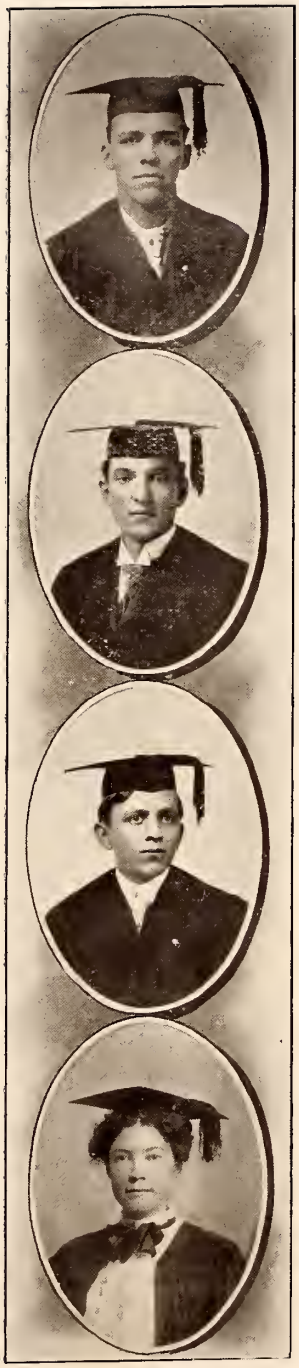
"Ah, whither now are fled those dreams of greatness!"
ΚΣ; Alamo; Senior Orator.

Victoria Newton, B.S.,
Midlothian, Tex.

"Constant attention wears the active mind."
ΣΣΣ; Clio; Magazine Staff, '05–06; President Clio Society, '06; SΣS; Elocution.



LIBRARY OF
SOUTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY



J. N. Ryman, A.B.,
Matagorda, Tex.

"Verily, O man, with truth for thy theme, thy eloquence shall throne thee with arch-angels."

ΦΔΘ; Alamo; Ananias Club; Magazine Staff, '04; Sou'wester Staff, '05; Football, '04–05–06; Junior Orator, '05; General Business Manager Sou'wester, '06.

W. A. Tarver, B.S.,
Corsicana, Tex.

"He, above the rest in shape and gesture, proudly eminent, stood like a tower."

ΚΣ; San Jacinto; Intermediate Debater, '03; Brooks Prize Debater, '04; Inter-Collegiate Debater, '05–06; Baseball Team, '03–05–06; President Freshman Class, '03–04; President Y. M. C. A., '05; Executive Committee of Athletic Association, '03–04–05; Senior Orator.

T. C. Turk, B.S.,
Blooming Grove, Tex.

"And aged years play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished,
So sweet and voluable is his discourse."

ΦΔΘ; Alamo; Ananias Club.

Perry Watson, Piano,
Corn Hill, Tex.

"Her voice was ever gentle, soft, and low."



ALMA WEST, Art,
Georgetown, Tex.

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."

UNA WORKS, A.B.,
Waxahachie, Tex.

"Wisdom means a world of pain."

ΣΣΣ; Alethean; Lecture Committee, '05–06; President Alethean Society, '06; S Σ S Club.

CORNELIA WYSE, A.B., A.M.,
Georgetown, Tex.

"To be sublimely great or to be nothing."

ΣΣΣ; Clio; SOU'WESTER Staff, '04; Junior Class Poet; Vice-President Junior Class, '03–34; S Σ S: Magazine Staff, '03; Senior Staff, '06.

C. C. YOUNG, A.M.,
Kemp, Tex.

"All smiles, and bows, and courtesy, was he."

KA; Alamo; Intermediate Debater, '04; Inter-Society Relations Committee, '04; Debate Council, '05; Brooks Prize Debater, '05; President Alamo Society, '06; President Y. M. C. A., '06; President State Oratorical Association, '06; Inter-Collegiate Debater, '06; Editor-in-Chief Senior, '06; Senior Orator.

SENIOR ACADEMIC HISTORY.

The school year of '05–06 is nearing a close, and the history of another Senior Class in Southwestern University is to be recorded.

While several of our Class entered upon their field of labor several years ago, each successive year added a few to the number, until now we stand a body of thirty-two men and women, representing every Department of the University.

We have looked upon the Seniors of other years as they passed from the different class-rooms, strolled about the campus in all their dignity and glory, or wended their way to church, robed in flowing gowns of black, like so many mournful spectres, perhaps with envy in our hearts; but, with the greatest respect would we greet them. By constant perseverance and close application, we were determined to spend the weary hours in study and labor until every text should be completed and every examination passed, that we might be allowed to bear the title, Senior.

The year '05 finds us ready for any requirement thrust upon us. We realize more forcibly than ever that our success depends upon the amount of energy exerted by us to fulfill them. The six weeks' exams roll around, all too soon, bringing dread and anxiety; but, by burning the midnight oil—and candles in secret places—until the wee small hours of morning, the work is credibly done, one more round of the ladder is safely mounted, and the coveted diploma is seen more clearly in the distance.

The people of the town have kindly opened their homes and allowed us to gather and spend an occasional evening very pleasantly; thus are we freed from the monotony of books. Such kindness is most highly appreciated, and will ever be remembered.

Now, as the balmy days of spring come, so conducive to laziness, and the earth takes on her mantle of green, richly jewelled with flowers, the different fields of athletics are opened, thus affording another place to win honors and distinction. Our boys, ever valiant and ready, still sustain the reputation made in former years.

It is with great joy, yet with deep sorrow, that we wait for the final day, Commencement, to come, which will sever our association with each other as classmates and friends and send us from the loved walls of our *alma mater*. In one great chorus we all will say:

Best of the session, these last days;
  From pending studies our minds divert.
We 've reached the parting of the ways,
  And to the past our thoughts revert;
Those happy days keep with us yet,
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!

Fair are the maids from various homes,
And sturdy the lads who have hailed;
But now, with minds and bodies tired,
For one short rest we 've wept and wailed.
Music, art, books that made us fret,
We 'll not forget! We 'll not forget!

And we, who do so often join
In "Rahs" thrice three and jolly fun,
With merry hearts and lessons done,
For us Life's battle is begun;
Still college pranks are with us yet,
We 'll not forget! We 'll not forget!

Like beads along a crimson thread,
Thro' cloth of gold our joys are strung
Thro' all our college days now sped,
And we our memories among,
From pleasures passed some joy can get;
They 're with us yet! They 're with us yet!

Crown of our pleasures, as students,
The last Commencement will enjoy;
Our *alma mater* her light lends
To urge onward each girl or boy.
With strong ambition and ideals set,
We 'll not forget! We 'll not forget!

If strong our efforts and high our aim,
Our thoughts and deeds will upward trend,
Respondent in the Halls of Fame,
Till then our lives will have no end.
"O Lord of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!"

—*Ethel Doak.*



T. R. Burnett, M.D.,
Dallas, Tex.

O. J. Colwick, M.D.,
Ardmore, I. T.

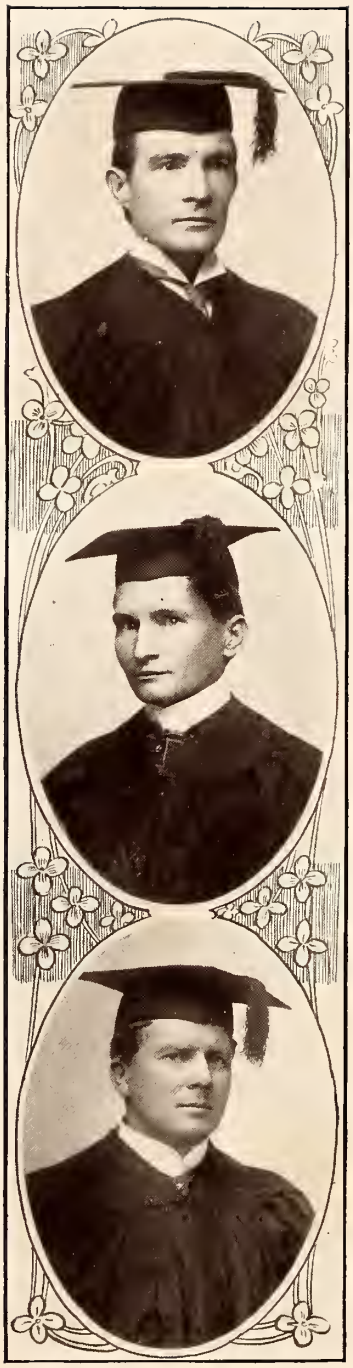
W. P. Coyle, Jr., M.D.,
Dallas, Tex.

J. E. Crawford, M.D.,
Silverton, Tex.



Mrs. R. L. Cromwell, M.D.,
Granbury, Tex.

M. L. McCoy, M.D.,
Drake, I. T.

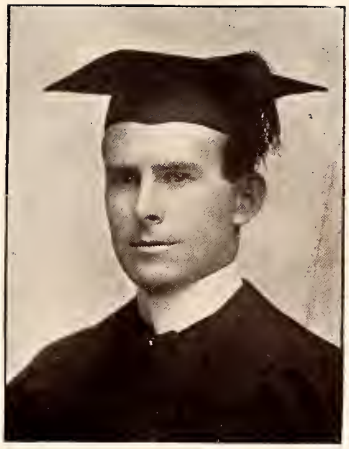


J. B. Pentecost, M.D.,
Glencove, Tex.

D. M. Switzer, M.D.,
Dallas, Tex.

I. N. Thompson, M.D.,
El Campo, Tex.

E. S. Gordon, M.D.,
Dallas, Tex.



Tommy Rot Burnett—(If you heard him talk you would know why.)

Only Jonah Colwick—(Used to be the redemption of the class, but don't put your money on him.)

Wants to be President Coyle, Jr., (stands for Joker.)—Who would rather resign than not be president.

Jog Easy Crawford—(He 's big but doesn't make much fuss.)

Rose Lately Cromwell—(She used to be a Junior.)

Easy Speaking Gordon—(He isn't married; his hair 's just naturally thin.)

Just Back Pentecost—(He 's shaved his mustache since he came.)

D. M. Switzer—(In story books it 's written d—m.)

—. —. Thompson—(Initials left out for you are to call him Dr. or Mr. President.)

—. —. McCoy—(Initials omitted because he got in late—the handsomest man in the class.)





Junior.


E.R. Stanford.
W.J. Stanford.
W.L. Blackburn.
F.D. Caveness.
Louise Gibson.
Bess Whittle
Rhea Starnes
L.L. Wade
Elizabeth Runkle
Ben O. Hill.
Bydie Bailey
J.H. Edwards.
J.L. Tucker
L.L. Moore.
T.C. Johnson
Junior Class.
S.W.U.
'05-'06.
W.Y. Switzer.
H.A. Hudspeth.

JUNIOR ACADEMIC.

COLORS.

Black and Red.

MOTTO.

"*We Are Next.*"

YELLS.

I.

Juniori wantibus sheepi skinorum;
To wearibus eapibus andi gownorum
Isibus ouribus ambitiorum,
Ignitur weibus spuri ponorum.

II.

Amo, amas, the Junior Class
Should be too smart to ride the ass.
One year more of study galore,
And then we 'll get our sheepskin "shore."

OFFICERS.

BEN O. HILL, ... *President.*
W. L. BLACKBURN, ... *Vice-President.*
F. D. CAVENESS, ... *Secretary.*
L. L. WADE, ... *Treasurer.*
E. R. STANFORD, ... *Editor.*

A FEW SMALL DOTS.

Of all University students, the happy, jolly, care-free Junior is the most enviable. The Junior girls, in triumph, swill the sweetest nectar that flows at the "Grad" parties, and the Junior boys have their "Summum bonum" in the fact, on the one hand, that he is not a self-important Sophomore, plodding his way through Greek and Latin; on the other, that he is not a depressed and care-worn Senior, who dreads the final exams and another year of "Senior privileges," or an exit into the cold world, and who is continually harassed by the midnight raids of the Freshman, as he returns from his Mother Goose party.

So, after a long and careful study of the situation, and a thorough and complete investigation, and after a protracted consultation with all the excellent members of our Class, we readily and unanimously agree that the most agreeable, most pleasant, most attractive, and most desirable place in Southwestern's ranks is in the Junior Class.

We of the Junior Class of 1906 are truly proud of the record of our Class. Let us relate a few of our many honors: In literary circles, we enroll eight Intermediate debaters, two Brook's Prize debaters, preliminary orators, prize declaimers, and prize essayists. On the athletic field, a Junior is Captain of the Baseball Team and Juniors serve under him. Thus, you see, we have a Class to be proud of, and if we are not as far along the royal road as the Senior, yet—"We are next."

MEMBERS.

BLACKBURN, W. L., ... Junction, Tex.
KA; Alamo; Intermediate Debater, '04; Fresh-Soph Essay Medal, '05; Inter-Society Relation Committee, '05–06; Commencement Debater, '06.

BAILEY, BYRTIE, ... Georgetown, Tex.
Alethean; Artist, '04.

CAVENESS, F. D., ... Mineral Wells, Tex.
Alamo: Intermediate Debater, '05; Magazine Staff, '05–06; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, '05; SOU'WESTER Staff, '06.

EDWARDS, J. H., ... Waco, Texas.
Alamo; Fresh-Soph Declamation Medal, '05; Alamo Librarian, '05–06; Intermediate Orator, '05.

GIBSON, LOUISE, ... Calvert, Tex.
BΨ; Alethean; Basketball Team.

HILL, BEN O., ... Hill's Prairie, Tex.
San Jacinto; Intermediate Debate, '06; Magazine Staff; Exchange Editor, '05; Personal Editor, '05–06; Council of Honor; Inter-Collegiate Debating Council, '05–06.

HUDSPETH, H. A., ... Bryan, Tex.
KA; San Jacinto; Scholarship Allen Academy, '02; Magazine Staff, '06.

JOHNSON, T. C., JR., ... San Marcos, Tex.
KΣ; San Jacinto; Magazine Staff, '05; Financial Secretary San Jacinto, '05; Football Team and F. S. B., '05; Varsity Baseball Team, '04; Captain Varsity Team, '06; Executive Committee, '06.

MOORE, L. L., ... Crockett, Tex.
ΦΔΘ; Alamo; Intermediate Debater, '04; Magazine Staff, '06.

RUNKLE, ELIZABETH, ... Caldwell, Tex.
Alethean.

STANFORD, E. R., ... Waco, Tex.
KA; Alamo; S. W. U. Glee Club, '04–05–06; Football, '05; Intermediate Debater, '05; Y. M. C. A. Council.

STANFORD, W. J., ... Lorena, Tex.
Alamo; Intermediate Debater, '05; Magazine Staff, '05; Soph Declaimer, '05; Football, '04–05; Vice-President Alamo.

SWITZER, W. Y., ... Comanche, Tex.
Alamo; Intermediate Debater, '04; Glee Club, '04–05–06; Chorister Athletic Association, '06; University Correspondent; Y. M. C. A. Council.

STARNES, RHEA, ... Georgetown, Tex.
San Jacinto; Intermediate Debater, '05; Soph President, '05; Marshal San Jacinto, '05–06.

TUCKER, J. L., ... Waco, Tex.
Alamo..

WADE, L. L., ... Decatur, Tex.
San Jacinto; Intermediate Debate, '05; Lecture Committee, '05–06; Fresh-Soph Declaimer, '05; Commencement Debater, '06; Football Team, '05–06; Intermediate Orator.

WHITTLE, BESS, ... Georgetown, Tex.
BΨ; Orchestra, '04–05; Choral Club, '05–06.



JUNIOR MEDICINE.

JUNIOR MEDICINE.

OFFICERS.

J. D. CALHOUN, ... *President.*
EUGENE JACKSON, ... *Vice-President.*
R. C. FERGUSON, ... *Secretary.*
J. H. BLACK, ... *Editor.*

ROLL.

W. W. Beasley.
J. H. Black.
T. J. Caldwell.
J. S. Calhoun.
F. A. Davis.
R. C. Ferguson.
L. F. Gragg.
J. M. Harris. G. R. Griggs.
E. Jackson.
J. T. Manasco.
E. R. McCauley
G. B. Miller.
J. H. Stephenson.
J. N. Stratton.
C. E. Whigham



JUNIOR PHARMACY.





SOPHOMORE ACADEMIC.

SOPHOMORE ACADEMIC.

COLORS.

Black and White.

CLASS FLOWER.

Scarlet Poppy.

OFFICERS.

W. L. ILFREY, ... *President.*
MISS MARY PEEBLES, ... *Vice-President.*
MISS ANNE JOHNSTON, ... *Secretary.*
EDD MUNDEN, ... *Editor.*

GLITTERING GENERALITIES.

To write the history of the present Sophomore Class would, indeed, be a great thing. I can't do it. It is beyond my power. Had I the rare ability of some genius to make each word breathe and live, and then could wreathe them into sentences with all the beauty and glory of the rainbow, I would attempt to write its history. But my words are too simple, too limp, too lifeless, for me to attempt to paint the halo that hovers around it.

Suffice it to murmur, it is the principal flower in Southwestern's bouquet. We have orators, debaters, essayists, and theologians, tried and not found wanting. Imagine, if you can, what it will be two years hence, when, more mature and with more training, its members go out to combat in the struggles of life and to demand from the world the high positions they were born to fill.

Wonderful, wonderful! —*Edd Munden.*

ABNEY, J. D., ... Georgetown, Tex.
Alamo; Intermediate Debater, '05–06.

ARMSTRONG, C. M., ... Blooming Grove, Tex.
ΦΔΘ; San Jacinto; Soph Baseball.

BOLTON, W. D., ... Brownwood, Tex.
ΦΔΘ; Alamo; Track Team; Soph Baseball Team; Ananias Club.

BOUTWELL, S. S., ... Leonard, Tex.
Alamo; Intermediate Debater, '05–06; Glee Club; Basketball.

BLACK, O. B., ... Georgetown, Tex.
San Jacinto; Vice-President German Club.

BRANSON, LALLA, ... Marlin, Tex.
BΨ; Alethean.

BRYAN, G. J., ... Fort Worth, Tex.
ΚΣ; San Jacinto; Executive Committee Athletic Association.

CLARK, W. E., ... Solomonville, Ariz.
Alamo; SOU'WESTER Staff, '04–05; Intermediate Debater, '04; Inter-Society Relations Committee, '04–05; Magazine Staff, '06; Inter-Collegiate Debating Council, '05–06; Brook's Prize Debater, '06; "The Company."

CRAIG, BESSIE, ... Georgetown, Tex.

ENGLAND, IRIS, ... Leonard, Tex.
Alethean; Magazine Staff, '06.

CURRY, R. B., ... Mansfield, Tex.
ΚΣ; San Jacinto German Club, '05–06.

HARDY, BESS, ... Texarkana, Tex.
BΨ; Treasurer Annex Athletic Association, '05–06.

HENRY, H. B., ... Kennedy, Tex.
San Jacinto.

HOTCHKISS, W. Y., ... Temple, Tex.
ΦΔΘ; San Jacinto; Soph Baseball Team; Ananias Club.

HOWARD, KATHERINE, ... Vernon, Tex.
Clio.

HUCKABEE, E. C., ... Georgetown, Tex.
Alamo.

ILFREY, W. L., ... Cedar Bayou, Tex.
San Jacinto; Class President; Council of Honor, '05–06; Glee Club; Magazine Staff, '06; Basketball; German Club.

ISBELL, J. F., ... Sanger, Tex.
Alamo; Soph Baseball Team.

JOHNSTON, ANNE, ... Dallas, Tex.
ΣΣΣ; Clio; Figure 8 Club.

KEY, I. F., ... Bronte, Tex.
San Jacinto; Intermediate Debater, '06.

KING, J. E., ... Childress, Tex.
Alamo; "The Company."

LANE, W. H., JR., ... Marshall, Tex.
Alamo

Langston, R. A., ... Sidney, Tex.
San Jacinto; Marshal, '05–06; Sou'wester Staff, '06.

Lilly, L. C., ... Nacogdoches, Tex.
San Jacinto.

Linstrum, C. T., ... Georgetown, Tex.

Macune, D., ... Sipe Springs, Tex.
San Jacinto; Intermediate Debater, '06.

Miller, Edna, ... Brownwood, Tex.

Mosley, T. J., ... Beaumont, Tex.
San Jacinto; Fresh-Soph Declaimer, '05; Basketball, '05–06; German Club.

Munden, Edd, ... Midlothian, Tex.
Alamo; "The Company"; Marshal, '05–06; Sou'wester Staff, '05–06.

Nettles, G. P., ... Marlin, Tex
KΣ; Track Team, '06; Soph Baseball Team; Ananias Club.

Newton, E. H., ... Yancey, Tex.
San Jacinto.

Peebles, Mary, ... Clarendon, Tex.
Clio; Vice-President of Class.

Rogers, Ethel, ... Weatherford, Tex.
Clio.

Robinson, Anna, ... Celina, Tex.

Ramos Vicente, ... Chihuahua, Mexico.
Alamo; Football, '03–04.

Rollins, H. E., ... Aspermont, Tex.
Alamo.

Smith, Erma, ... Denton, Tex.
ΣΣΣ; Clio; Figure 8 Club.

Smith, Norma, ... Denton, Tex.
ΣΣΣ; Clio; Figure 8 Club."

Smith, Annie Lou, ... Chico, Tex.
Clio.

Sneed, Ocey, ... Rosebud, Tex.
BΣ.

Snyder, Gladys, ... Georgetown, Tex.
BΣ.

Tibbs, A.M., ... Valley Mills, Tex.
Alamo; Track Team, '04–05–06; "The Company"; Basketball; Tennis Club.

Ward, C. L., ... Reagan, Tex.
Alamo; "The Company"; Marshal, '05–06; Tennis Club.

Wheeler, J. D., ... Arkansas Pass, Tex.
ΦΔΘ; San Jacinto; Executive Committee Athletic Association, '05–06; Assistant Business Manager of Sou'wester, '06; Magazine Staff, '06; Treasurer Athletic Association, '05–06.

Wilson, W. C., ... Cleburne, Tex.
KA; San Jacinto; Football, '04–05–06; Soph Baseball Team; Ananias Club.



SOPHOMORE MEDICINE.

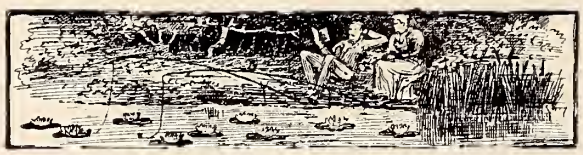
SOPHOMORE MEDICINE.

OFFICERS.

O. E. VEATCH, ... *President.*
R. L. WRIGHT, ... *Vice-President.*
B. W. KEY, ... *Secretary.*
W. B. CARRELL, ... *Treasurer.*

CLASS ROLL.

C. W. Archer.
G. T. Blackwell.
J. T. Browning.
F. M. Barnes.
J. F. Cauthon.
V. B. Crosby.
A. I. Folsom. W. B. Carrell.
A. B. Griffith.
E. G. Lyons.
C. N. McGaffey.
C. S. Truett.
Miss Florence Whitney.
Chas. Wagner.
R. Wolfe.




R.M.ATHIS
06



FRESHMAN ACADEMIC.

FRESHMAN ACADEMIC.

COLORS.

Pink and White.

MOTTO.

"Non verides sed novi."

OFFICERS.

FRANK HOLT,	*President.*
MISS EDWARDS,	*Vice-President.*
MISS JOSIE FIELDS,	*Secretary.*
C. W. RYLANDER,	*Editor.*
FRANK DAVIDSON,	*Treasurer.*

MEMBERS.

ALLEN, GUSSIE, ... Beaumont, Tex.
ΣΣΣ; Alethean.

ALDERDICE, J. A., ... Waxahachie, Tex.
Alamo.

ANDERSON, JUSTIN, ... Anson, Tex.

AYERS, A. L., ... Dallas, Tex.
KA; San Jacinto; S. W. U. Glee Club, '05–06.

BAILEY, HALLIE, ... Bartlett, Tex.

BALL, M. M., ... Sherman, Tex.
Alamo.

BASS, T. T., ... Terrell, Tex.
ΦΔΘ; Alamo.

BOAZ, JULIETTE, ... Fort Worth, Tex.

BOGARD, I. T., ... Timpson, Tex.

BOOTY, BLANCHE, ... Santa Anna, Tex.

BOWMER, AGNES, ... Leander, Tex.

BREWER, T. C., ... Georgetown, Tex.
KΣ; Freshman Baseball Team, '05–06.

BREWER, R. L., ... Kenney, Tex.
Alamo.

BLACKBURN, HAZEL, ... Beaumont, Tex.
ΣΣΣ; Alethean.

BRITTAIN, VIOLA, ... Troupe, Tex.
Clio.

BROWN, R. H., ... McKinney, Tex.
KΣ; Football, '05–06; Freshman Baseball Team; Track Team, '05–06.

CAROTHERS, BESS, ... Georgetown, Tex.

CAMPBELL, T. M., JR., ... Palestine, Tex.
ΦΔΘ.

CADE, W. H., ... Roanoke, Tex.

CHAPMAN, J. W., ... Georgetown, Tex.
KA; San Jacinto; Glee Club.

CLARK, PAULINE, ... Ennis, Tex.
BΨ.

COLLIER, RANNIE, ... Colmesneil, Tex.
BΨ.

COOPER, MADGE, ... Georgetown, Tex.
BΣ.

CONNALLY, P. J., ... Moody, Tex.
Alamo; Tennis Club, '05–06.

CONNALLY, D. L., ... Moody, Tex.
Tennis Club, '05–06; Basketball, '05–06.

COLE, E. V., ... Georgetown, Tex.
Alamo.

Cook, H. G., ... Nederland, Tex.
Travis.

Cody, T. H., ... Georgetown, Tex.
ΦΔΘ.

Crawford, W. H., ... Abbott, Tex.
Travis; Tennis Club.

Credille, Bess, ... Commerce, Tex.
Alethean.

Daughtery, Gene, ... Georgetown, Tex.
BΣ.

Davidson, Frank R., ... Georgetown, Tex.

Dudley, L. E., ... Abilene, Tex.
KA; Alamo; Glee Club.

Edwards, Alma, ... Waxahachie, Tex.
Clio; Delegate to Y. W. C. A. Convention.

Edwards, J. M., ... Waxahachie, Tex.
San Jacinto; Glee Club.

Ferguson, C. D., ... Leesville, La.
Alamo.

Field, Josie, ... Merkel, Tex.
ΣΣΣ; Alethean.

Fleming, Jewel, ... Mt. Vernon, Tex.
Clio.

Gammil, Irene, ... Calvert, Tex.
BΨ.

Gammenthaler, R., ... Fredericksburg, Tex.
Alamo.

Garnand, J. R., ... Lytle, Tex.
Alamo.

Gilchrist, G. H., ... Wills Point, Tex.
Tennis Club.

Goolsby, Lennie May, ... Kaufman, Tex.
ΣΣΣ.

Graves, Gladys, ... Georgetown, Tex.
BΣ.

Griffin, J. R., ... Granberry, Tex.
San Jacinto; Intermediate Debate, '05–06.

Griffin, S. I., ... Granbruy, Tex.

Greenwood, W. H., ... Honey Grove, Tex.
KΣ; San Jacinto.

Gustafson, E. N., ... Manor, Tex.
San Jacinto.

Hanna, A. J., Jr., ... Georgetown, Tex.

Harlan, Bess, ... Marlin, Tex.
BΨ.

HARRELL, J. B., ... Chappel, Tex.
Sam Houston; Inter-Society Debater, '05–06.

HARRISON, J. E., JR., ... San Antonio, Tex.
ΦΔΘ.

HEARNE, B. W., ... Palestine, Tex.
ΦΔΘ; Football, '05–06.

HOLLINGSWORTH, N., ... Mertens, Tex.
Sam Houston.

HOLT, FRANK, ... Abberto, La.
Alamo; Class President, '05–06; Council of Honor; Y. M. C. A. Delegate; Freshman Baseball Team.

HOTCHKISS, ALLEEN, ... Beaumont, Tex.
Alethean.

HOUSE, W. C., ... Dallas, Tex.
San Jacinto; Intermediate Debate, '05–06.

HUCKABEE, R. W., ... Georgetown, Tex.
Sam Houston; Inter-Society Debate, '05–06.

HYER, RAY, ... Georgetown, Tex.
ΣΣΣ; Alethean.

JACKSON, WETA, ... Corsicana, Tex.
BΨ.

JACKSON, E. T., ... Renner, Tex.
KΣ; San Jacinto.

JOHNSON, ERLE, ... Dallas, Tex.
San Jacinto; Magazine Staff, '06; SOU'WESTER Staff, '05–06; Open Session Debate, '04–05.

KELLY, G. R., ... San Saba, Tex.

LEWIS, F. C., ... Midlothian, Tex.
Alamo.

LINSTRUM, O. E., ... Georgetown, Tex.

LOCKETT, GLADYS, ... Georgetown, Tex.
ΣΣΣ.

LOVELESS, W. C., ... Itasca, Tex.
San Jacinto.

LOWRANCE, MINNIE, ... Georgetown, Tex.

MABREY, RUTH, ... Blooming Grove, Tex.

MARQUESS, JULIA, ... Calvert, Tex.
Alethean.

MASTERSON, A. S., ... Georgetown, Tex.
Sam Houston; Inter-Society Debate, '05–06.

MATLOCK, STERLING, ... Georgetown, Tex.

MATHIS, F. R., ...
Alamo.

MAYS, R. S., ... Denison, Tex.
San Jacinto; Tennis Club.

MORGAN, J. A., ... May Pearl, Tex.
San Jacinto.

Mulford, Mary Belle, ... Taylor, Tex
Alethean.

Muse, J. C., Jr., ... Dallas, Tex.
ΦΔΘ; Track Team.

McLain, C. C., ... Hubbard City, Tex.

McKee, Bertha, ... Velaseo, Tex.
Clio.

Nelms, Myrtice, ... Georgetown, Tex.
BΨ; Alethean.

Nelson, Rose, ... Georgetown, Tex.
BΨ; Alethean.

Neal, D. D., ... Lytle, Tex.
Alamo; Intermediate Debater, '05–06; Glee Club.

Parrish, J. F., ... Honey Grove, Tex.
KΣ; Freshman Baseball Team, '05–06.

Richardson, M. A.. . . . . Rockwood, Tex.
Alamo.

Risinger, E., ... Rosenburg, Tex.

Robinson, Emma, ... Mt. Vernon, Tex.
Clio.

Rylander, C. W.. . . . . Buda, Tex.
San Jacinto; Open Session Debater, '04–05; Intermediate Debater, '05–06.

Sanders, B. S., ... Hubbard City, Tex.
Sam Houston; Basketball, '05–06; Tennis Club.

Schrimshire, J. H., ... Wolfe City, Tex.
KA; Alamo; Y. M. C. A. Delegate.

Sherwood, Nannie, ... Brookston, Tex.
Clio.

Shofner, Eunice, ... Florence, Tex.
Alethean.

Siebe, A. K., ... Cleburne, Tex.
KA; San Jacinto.

Smith, Dena, ... Salado, Tex.

Smith, Nina, ... Georgetown, Tex.

Stanford, Laura, ... Lorena, Tex.
Clio.

Sanford, T. R., ... Waco, Tex.
Alamo; Basketball, '05–06.

Stone, Katie B., ... Georgetown, Tex.

Story, F. L., ... Ennis, Tex.
San Jacinto.

Taylor, Mable, ... Georgetown, Tex.
BΣ.

Thomas, G. B., ... Abilene, Tex.
Orchestra; Tennis Club.

Thomas, R. L., ... San Marcos, Tex.

THOMAS, O. E., ... Cappell, Tex.
San Jacinto.

TISDALE, MATTIE, ... Channing, Tex.

TREAT, ALICE, ... Whitney, Tex.

VINCENT, EVA V., ... Georgetown, Tex.

WELBORN, CLARA, ... Palestine, Tex.
BΨ.

WHITE, LILA, ... Terrell, Tex.
Clio.

WILLIAMS, CLYDE A., ... Wiler, Tex.
Travis; Tennis Club.

YARBOROUGH, HUNTER, ... Navasota, Tex.
ΦΔΘ; Baseball Team, '05.





FRESHMAN MEDICINE

FRESHMAN MEDICINE.

OFFICERS.

J. W. BLACK, ... *President.*
P. E. WRIGHT, ... *Vice-President.*
H. H. HENDRICKS, ... *Secretary.*
M. L. TURNEY, ... *Treasurer.*

CLASS ROLL.

ALEXANDER, S. J.
BLACK, J. W.
BLACK, CECIL.
BROOK, D. H.
FULLINGIM, P. J.
GREEN, N. E.
HENDRICKS, H. H.
INMAN, E. H.
LEDBETTER, F. A.
LANCASTER, GUS.
MORRIS, E. J.
READER, R. L.
SEAY, J. E.
SWAN, H. A.
TURNEY M. L.
TURRENTINE, L. E.
WHITE, MISS LINDA.
WRIGHT, P. E.
WEATHERLY, G. C.

Literary Societies.



ALAMO SOCIETY.

ALAMO  SOCIETY.

MOTTO.

Let Men Learn Illustrious Virtue by Association.

YELL.

Hul-la Ba-loo, Ro, Ro,
Hul-la Ba-loo, Ro, Ro,
He-ro, He-ro,
Three cheers for Alamo.

OFFICERS FOR 1905-1906.

MAY, 1905.

R. D. JONES,	*President.*
C. C. YOUNG,	*Vice-President.*
H. STANFORD,	*Critic.*
W. J. STANFORD,	*Secretary.*

SEPTEMBER, 1905.

C. C. YOUNG,	*President.*
W. L. BLACKBURN,	*Vice-President.*
C. L. WARD,	*Secretary.*
W. Y. SWITZER,	*Critic.*

NOVEMBER, 1905.

W. K. FERGUSON,	*President.*
C. F. HAMFF,	*Vice-President.*
T. S. BARKLEY,	*Secretary.*
L. L. MOORE,	*Critic.*

JANUARY, 1906.

T. S. BARKLEY,	*President.*
W. J. STANFORD,	*Vice-President.*
FRANK HOLT,	*Secretary.*
F. D. CAVENESS,	*Critic.*

MARCH, 1906.

C. F. HAMFF,	*President.*
W. L. BLACKBURN,	*Vice-President.*
T. R. STANFORD,	*Secretary.*
W. Y. SWITZER,	*Critic.*

ALAMO SOCIETY.

The Alamo Society may be less famous for her orators than the original Alamo for its brave defenders; however, she is an important factor in Southwestern University in making well-rounded men. During a history of more than thirty years, men have gone out from our Society each year who are filling positions of honor and distinction as preachers, lawyers, professors, and professional men. The present year has, so far, been one of excellent work, and our prospects for the future are very encouraging. We have a number of men, of whom we may justly expect great things.

The favorable comments concerning our Intermediate Debate this year were very gratifying. We were represented by Caveness, W. J. Stanford, and Abney *versus* E. R. Stanford, Boutwell, and Neal.

We are well represented in all departments of athletics. Both the Editor and Business Manager of the SOU'WESTER are Alamos. According to the custom of alternation between the Alamo and the San Jacinto Societies, we have the Editor of *The Magazine* this year.

The following are some of the honors won by Alamos last year:

Salutatorian, Gaston Hartsfield.
Senior Medallist, Gaston Hartsfield.
Fresh-Soph Declamation Medal, J. Hale Edwards.
Junior-Senior Essay Medal, R. D. Jones.
Fresh-Soph Essay Medal, W. L. Blackburn
Story Medal, R. D. Jones.
Press Correspondent, W. Y. Switzer.

Few of the honors for this year have yet been awarded, but we may safely say the Alamo Society will secure a large share.

C. C. Young and L. B. Newberry will represent us in the Inter-Collegiate Debates with Oklahoma and Arkansas, respectively. Blackburn and Clark will represent us in the Brooks' Prize Debate, and we do not hesitate to say that they will make things exceedingly warm for the San Jacs.

—*F. D. Caveness.*

SOCIETY ROLL.

Armstrong, E. M
Archer, T. W.
Abney, J. D.
Alderdice, J. A
Ball, M. M.
Barkley, T. S.

Bass, T. T. Blackburn, W. L.
Bolton, W. D. Boutwell, S. S.
Brewer, R. L. Caveness, F. D.
Clark, W. E. Connally, P. J.
Connor, E. C. Cole, E. V.

Dudley, L. E. Edwards, J. H. Gammenthaler, R.
Ellis, G. Ferguson, W. K. Ferguson, C. D.
Garnand, J. R. Glenn, G. B. Giles, B.
Hamff, C. Holt, F. Huckabee, E. C.
Holman, J. F. Harris, G. F. Isbell, J. F.

Johnson, S. King, J.E. Lane, W. H. Richardson, J. E.
Lewis, F. C. Leith, J. O. Munden, E. Moore, L. L.

Moore, R. A. McNeil, H. L. Mathis, T. R.
Neal, D. D. Newberry, L. B. Ryman, J. N.
Ramos, V. Reed, R. Q. Rollins, H. E.

Stanford, W. J. Stanford, E. R.
Stanford, T. R. Switzer, W. Y
Scrimshire, J. H. Smith, G. G.
Tucker, J. L. Tibbs, A. M.

Ward, C. L.
Young, C. C.





SAN JACINTO SOCIETY.

SAN JACINTO SOCIETY.

MOTTO.

Perfect Eloquence Clothes Man with Kingly Power.

YELL.

Hullaballoo, blick, black,
Hullaballoo, blick, black,
Sam Jack, Sam Jack,
Tigers!

OFFICERS FOR 1905–06.

Commencement, 1905.	*President*,	S. M. Black
	Vice-President,	B. O. Hill.
	Critic,	S. J. Staples.
	Secretary,	M. Fleming.
September, 1905.	*President*,	A. N. Evans.
	Vice-President,	B. O. Hill.
	Critic,	T. J. Mosley.
	Secretary,	R. A. Langston.
November, 1905.	*President*,	W. A. Tarver.
	Vice-President,	Wm. Craig.
	Critic,	T. J. Mosley.
	Secretary,	J. D. Wheeler.
January, 1906.	*President*,	M. Fleming.
	Vice-President,	J. S. Henry.
	Critic,	H. F. Bailey.
	Secretary,	F. L. Story.
March, 1906.	*President*,	H. F. Bailey.
	Vice-President,	Rhea Starnes.
	Critic,	T. C. Johnson
	Secretary,	F. L. Story.

SAN JACINTO HISTORY.

With the end of this term, Southwestern completes her banner year. More has been accomplished this term than any of the past two years. And with the University as a whole, her Departments have progressed to a wonderful extent. The San Jacinto Literary Society has long been one of the most important factors of the University, and during a history of thirty-odd years has numbered among her members many of the most influential men in the State. In addition to our present active roll is the ex-member list, of which we are duly proud; for on that list may be seen many who occupy offices of distinction. Preachers, lawyers, professors, professional men throughout the State look back on San Jacinto as their starting-point.

But perhaps you would like to know what San Jacinto is doing at present. Well, there has been considerable forward march in the Society for this year, and, you might say that San Jacinto is still "in the swim." Good work has been done in debating, declamation, and oratory, which work will be allowed to speak for itself at Commencement. I believe you would enjoy one of our meetings, for you could then hear oratory in varied degrees, from the piping youngster on to the melodramatic flights of the full-fledged Senior, full of assonance, alliteration, and rhythm. Hear you may be fortunate enough to hear a Hill, a Bryan, or a Bailey.

In Debates: L. F. Chapman and W. A. Tarver will represent San Jacinto in the Inter-Collegiate Debates with Oklahoma and Arkansas, respectively. Wade and Bailey will represent us on the Brooks' Prize Debate, and will, according to a traditional custom, add one more debate to our great number. The interesting Intermediate Debate between Messrs. Macune, House, and Griffin *vs.* Rylander, Hill, and Key, came up to the old standard of good debating.

Our past has been characterized by progress, the present finds us busy, and, therefore, the future is full of hope.

SAN JACINTO ROLL.

Aldredge, H. R.
Armstrong, C. M.
Ayers, A. L.
Bailey, H. F.
Black, O. B.
Bryan, G. J.
Buttrill, W. J. B.
Brewer, T. C.
Chapman, L. F.
Chapman, J. W.
Craig, W. M.
Curry, R. B.
Edwards, J. M.
Evans, A. N.
Fleming, M.
Greenwood, W. H.
Griffin, J. R.
Gustafson, E. N.
Harris, E. D.
Henry, W. B.
Henry, J. S.
Hill, B. O.
Hotchkiss, W. Y.
Hudspeth, H. A.
Ilfrey, W. L.
Jackson, E. T.
Johnson, T. C.
Johnston, Erle.
Key, I. F.
Lilly, L.
Langston, R. A.
Langston, L. E.
Lovelace, W. C.
Macune, D.
Mays, R. S.
Morgan, J. A.
Mosely, T. J.
Newton, E. H.
Rylander, C. W.
Starnes, R.
Siebe, A. K.
Sweet, M. S.
Shelton, O. S.
Story, F. L.
Thomas, O. E.
Tarver, W. A.
Wheeler, J. D.
Wade, L. L.
Wilson, Chas.
Yarborough, H.



CLIO SOCIETY,

CLIO SOCIETY.

MOTTO: *Volamus alis propriis.*

COLORS: Pink and Gray.

FLOWER: Pink Carnation.

OFFICERS.

Commencement, 1904–05.	*President*, ...	RUBY LAWRENCE.
	Vice-President, . . .	ETHEL DOAK.
	Secretary, ...	VICTORIA NEWTON.
	Critic, ...	NORA HOTCHKISS.
First Term, 1905–06.	*President*, ...	VICTORIA NEWTON.
	Vice-President, . . .	HANNAH WRIGHT.
	Secretary, ...	NORA HOTCHKISS.
	Critic, ...	LUCILE CAMPBELL.
Second Term. 1905–06.	*President*, ...	NORA HOTCHKISS.
	Vice-President, . . .	ANNE JOHNSTON.
	Secretary, ...	LUCILE CAMPBELL.
	Critic, ...	CATHARINE HOWARD.
Third Term, 1905–06.	*President*, ...	ETHEL DOAK.
	Vice-President, . . .	KATHERINE HOWARD.
	Secretary, ...	JEWEL FLEMING.
	Critic, ...	JESSIE BOAZ.

CLIO ROLL.

Boaz, Jessie.
Campbell, Lucile.
Bogard, I. T.
Campbell, Shirley.
Dent, Ena.
Doak, Ethel.
Edens, Mae.
Fleming, Jewel,
Goolsby, Lennie May.
Hendrick, Elnora.
Hotchkiss, Nora.
Howard, Katherine.
Johnston, Anne.
Kincheloe, Emma.
McKey, Bertha.
Peebles, Mary.
Rogers, Ethel.
Newton, Victoria.
Robinson, Emma.
Sherwood, Nannie.
Smith, Annie Lou.
Stanford, Laura.
Stark, Elizabeth.
White, Lila.
Williams, Sadie.
Wright, Hannah.



ALETHEAN SOCIETY.

ALETHEAN SOCIETY.

MOTTO: "I would rather be than seem to be."

COLORS: White and Baby Blue.

FLOWER: Bluebonnet.

OFFICERS, 1905–06.

Commencement, 1905.	*President,*	WOODIE BLACK.
	Vice-President,	LAURA FOWLER.
	Secretary,	MARY CHURCH.
	Critic,	VERA HARKEY.
First Term.	*President,*	MARY CHURCH.
	Vice-President,	LIDA MILLER.
	Secretary,	UNA WORKS.
	Critic,	BERTHA RASBURY.
Second Term.	*President,*	MAGGIE CROCKETT.
	Vice-President,	BERTHA RASBURY.
	Secretary,	IRIS ENGLAND.
	Critic,	EDNA MILLER.
Third Term.	*President,*	UNA WORKS.
	Vice-President,	ROSE NELSON.
	Secretary,	MARY BELLE MULFORD.
	Critic,	LIDA MILLER.

ALETHEAN ROLL.

Allen, Gussie.

Banknight, Annie.

Blackburn, Hazel.

Church, Mary.

Church, Carrie.

Cleveland, Libbie.

Credille, Elizabeth.

Crockett, Maggie.

Crowner, Eula.

England, Iris.

Fields, Josie.

Fowler, Laura.

Hayter, Chlore.

Hotchkiss, Aleene.

Jackson, Weta.

Kennedy, Emma.

Margun, Julia.

Miller, Lida.

Miller, Edna.

Mulford, Louise.

Mulford, Mary Belle.

Nelson, Rose.

Rasbury, Bertha.

Runkle, Elizabeth.

Smith, Uela.

Taylor, Lettie.

Thompson, Ray.

Works, Una.



INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATERS.

S. W. U. vs. OKLAHOMA.

Resolved, "That the Inter-State Commerce Commission should be given power to regulate freight rates."

S. W. U., Affirmative.

C. C. YOUNG (Alamo). L. F. CHAPMAN (S. J.).

S. W. U. vs. ARKANSAS.

Resolved, "That Japan was entitled to more than was granted by the Portsmouth Treaty."

S. W. U., Affirmative.

W. A. TARVER (S. J.). L. B. NEWBERRY (Alamo).



BROOKS PRIZE DEBATE.

QUESTION: *Resolved*, "That the policy of foreign territorial expansion on the part of the United States Government is detrimental to the highest interest of the Republic."

Affirmative—L. L. WADE, H. F. BAILEY, San Jacinto.

Negative—W. L. BLACKBURN, W. E. CLARK, Alamo.



ALAMO INTERMEDIATE DEBATE.

QUESTION: *Resolved*, "That Japan would have been justifiable in refusing to accept the terms of the Portsmouth Treaty."

Affirmative—F. D. CAVENESS, W. J. STANFORD, J. D. ABNEY.

Negative—E. R. STANFORD, S. S. BOUTWELL, D. D. NEAL.

Decision for Affirmative.



SAN JACINTO INTERMEDIATE DEBATE.

QUESTION: *Resolved*, "That it should be the policy of the United States to impose stringent restrictions upon Chinese immigration."

Affirmative—C. W. RYLANDER, IRA KEY, B. O. HILL.

Negative—D. MACUNE, W. C. HOUSE, J. R. GRIFFIN.

Decision for Affirmative.



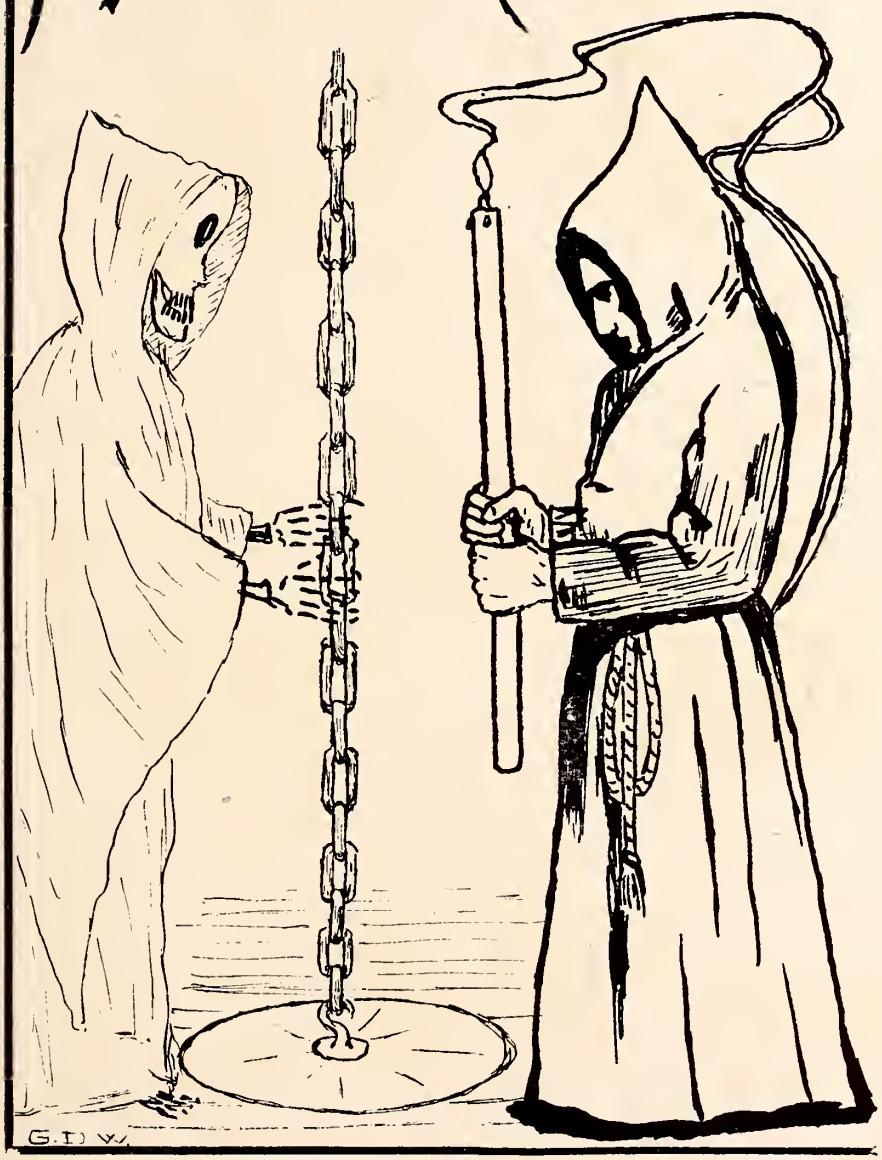
LECTURE COMMITTEE.


Inter
Society
Relations
Committee
W. L. BLACKBURN
Lida Miller
Flora Hotchkiss
Ethel Doak
L. F. Chapman
B. D. Giles
Bess Tredille
M. Fleming



MARSHALS.

Fraternities




Wilson
Young
Hudspeth
Lewis
Haynes
Sieba
Stanford
Dudley
Baird
KA
05
X
06
Aldredge '06

KAPPA ALPHA.

Founded at Washington and Lee. Xi Chapter Established, 1883.

MOTTO: *Dieu et Les Dames.*

COLORS: Crimson and Old Gold.

YELL.

High Rickety! Whoop la lay
What 's the matter with old K. A.?
Vive la, Vive la, Vive la, say,
Kappa Alpha, rah, rah, ray!

FRATRES IN URBE.

D. S. CHESSHER. W. R. MOOD. J. E. SNYDER.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

DR. D. E. SEAY. DR. R. W. BAIRD.
DR. H. L. SEAY. PROF. J. H. REEDY

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

H. R. ALDREDGE. L. F. CHAPMAN. J. O. LEATH.
A. L. AYRES. J. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. SCRIMSHIRE.
A. G. BAIRD. L. E. DUDLEY. A. K. SIEBE.
W. L. BLACKBURN. H. A. HUDSPETH. E. R. STANFORD.
W. C. WILSON. C. C. YOUNG.


MOORE
ARMSTRONG
RYMAN
McNEIL
TURK
BARKLEY
WHEELER
HARBOROUGH
BOLTON
HOTCHKISS
ARMSTRONG
HARRISON
'05
'06
TEXAS GAMMA
MUSE
CODY
CAMPBELL
BLAKENEY
HEARNE
YOUNG
BASS

PHI DELTA THETA.

Founded at Miami University in 1848. Texas Gamma Established, 1886.

FLOWER: White Carnation.

COLORS: Azure and Argent.

YELL.

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Phi-keia,
Phi Delta Theta,
Rah! Rah! Rah!

FRATRES IN URBE.

JUDGE C. A. WILCOX.
D. W. WILCOX.
J. G. WILCOX.
D. K. WILCOX.
W. L. MANN, JR.
C. C. CODY, JR.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE.

DR. C. C. CODY. PROF. W. C. VADEN.

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

E. M. ARMSTRONG.
C. M. ARMSTRONG.
T. S. BARKLEY.
T. T. BASS.
W. D. BOLTON.
LEONARD BLAKENEY.
T. M. CAMPBELL, JR.
T. H. CODY.
J. E. HARRISON, JR.
B. W. HEARNE.
W. Y. HOTCHKISS.
H. L. MCNEIL.
L. L. MOORE.
J. C. MUSE, JR.
J. N. RYMAN.
T. C. TURK.
J. D. WHEELER.
H. YARBOROUGH.
J. B. YOUNG.


R.A. MOORE
W.A. TARVER
M.B. GREEN
T.C. JOHNSTON
G.W. CRAIN
G.J. BRYAN
G. PRETTLES
E.D. HARRIS
E.T. JACKSON
CHAS. PRICE
R.H. BROWN
H.O. JONES
W.O. GROSS
G.F. HARRIS
W.H. GREENWOOD
T.C. BREWER
R.B. CURRY
J.F. PARRISH
IOTA
KΣ
'05 '06
SEMPER

KAPPA SIGMA.

Founded at the University of Virginia, 1867.

Iota Chapter Established in 1886.

COLORS.

Emerald Green, Scarlet, and White.

FLOWER.

The Lily of the Valley.

YELL.

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Crescent and Star.
Vive la! Vive la!
Kappa Sigma!

FRATRES IN URBE.

S. A. Hodges.
J. L. Price. M. F. Smith.

FRATER IN FACULTATE.

Prof. S. H. Moore.

FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

Gideon J. Bryan.
Robert H. Brown.
T. Cleveland Brewer.

Bluford W. Crain.	Reginald B. Curry.
William O. Gross.	Mac B. Green.
William H. Greenwood.	George F. Harris.
Ed D. Harris.	E. Taylor Jackson.
Tom C. Johnson.	Harold O. Jones.
George P. Nettles.	James F. Parrish.

Charles T. Price.
Roy A. Moore.
W. Dabney Sims.
William A. Tarver.


Σ
Σ Σ Σ
05-06
ALPHA DELTA
CHAPTER
Sigma Sigma Sigma
N.P.H.

SIGMA SIGMA SIGMA.

Founded at Farmville, Va., in 1898.

Alpha Delta Chapter Established, 1905.

COLORS, ... Purple and White.

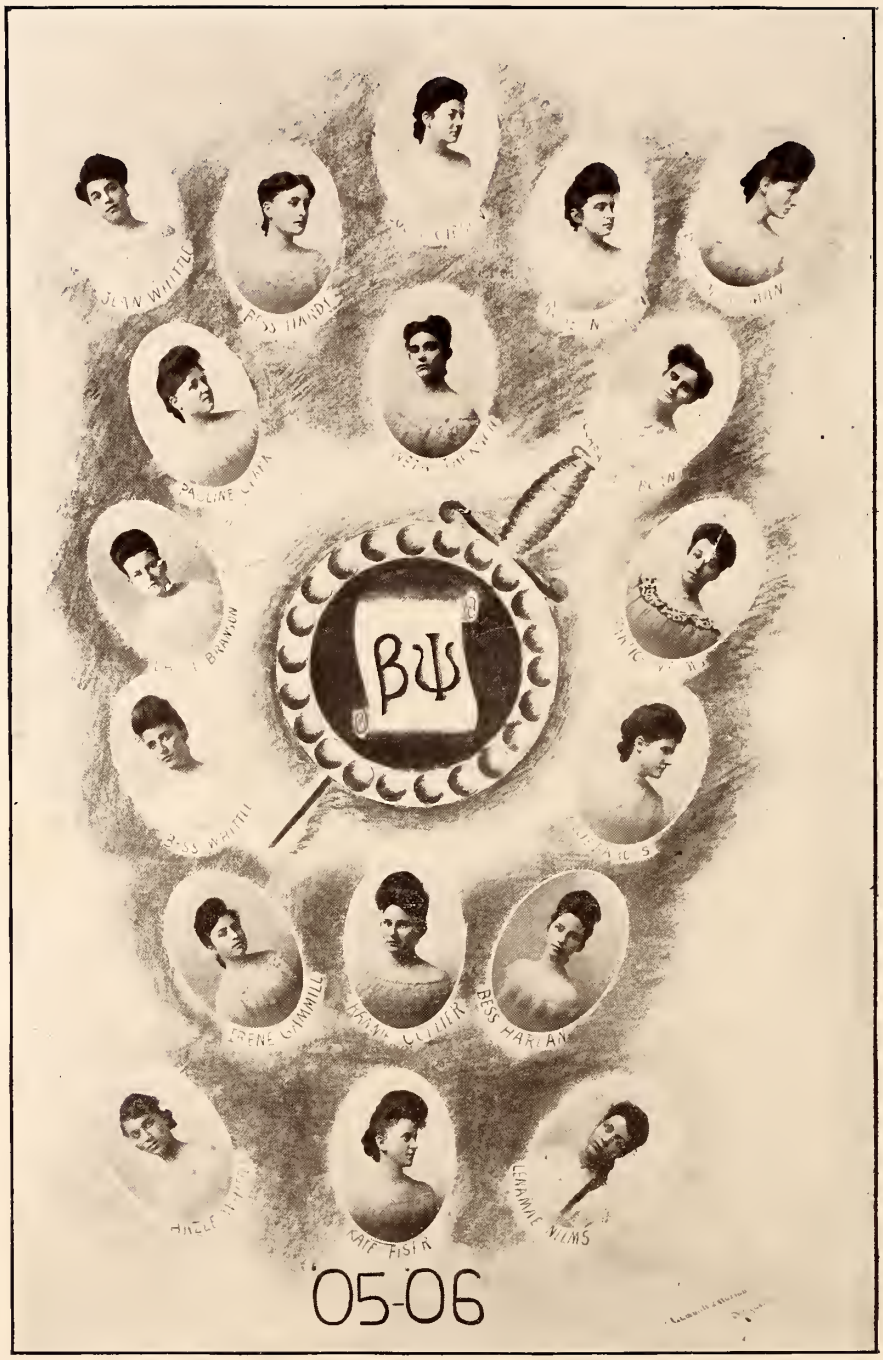
FLOWER, ... Violet.

SORORES IN UNIVERSITATE.

GUSSIE ALLEN.
CARRIE CHURCH.
JOSEPHINE FIELD.
LENNIE MAE GOOLSBY.
RAY HYER.
MADGE HENDRY.
GLADYS LOCKETT.
BERTHA RASBURY.
IRMA SMITH.
UNA WORKS.

HAZEL BLACKBURNE.
MARY CHURCH.
LAURA FOWLER.
NORA HOTCHKISS.
MARY BELLE HOWELL.
ANNE JOHNSTON.
VICTORIA NEWTON.
AGNES SCALING.
NORMA SMITH.
CORNELIA WYSE.

IONE WYSE.


ΒΨ
05-06

BETA PSI.

Founded at Southwestern in 1903.

Colors, ... Golden Brown and Baby Blue.

Flowers, ... Violets and Maiden-hair Fern.

YELL.

ΒΨ! ΒΨ!
Γ Kai-A!
Pistai gunaikai
Rah! Rah! Rah!

SORORES IN UNIVERSITATE.

Allie Barcus.
Rannie Collier.
Kate Fiser.
Irene Gammill.
Bess Hardy.
Myrtice Nelms.
Rose Nelson.
Clara Welborn.
Bess Whittle.
Lala Branson.
Pauline Clark.
Louise Gibson.
Bess Harlan.
Weta Jackson.
Lena Mae Nelms.
Blossom Putman.
Jean Whittle.
Hazel Whittle.


Gladys Snyder
Mary Mann
Mabel Taylor
Lucy Sweet
METIANDR
COROLLA
DRACONIS
B Σ
'05
'06
Gladys Evans
Gem Daughtery
Hazel Peace
Hattie Cooper

BETA SIGMA.

Founded November 25, 1899.

by

Elizabeth Brewer. Johnnie Wright.

Lily Price. Lelia Brewer.

Colors: Scarlet and White. Flower: Red Carnation.

SORORES IN URBE.

Willie Brewer.

Alice Harrel. Lelia Brewer. Johnnie Wright.

Florrie Root.

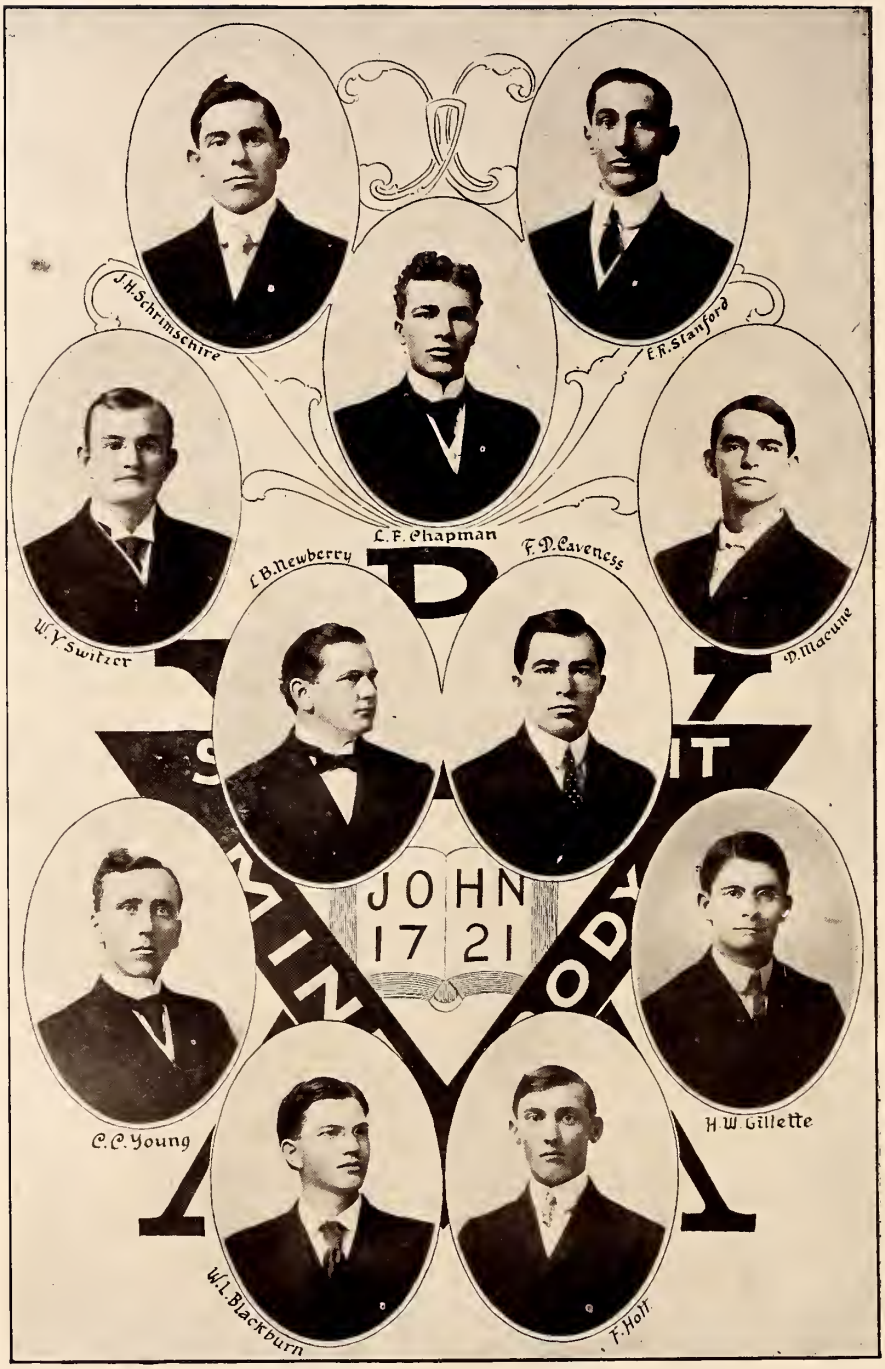
SORORES IN UNIVERSITATE.

Madge Cooper.	Mary Mann.	Ocey Sneed.
Gladys Graves.	Early Price.	Gladys Snyder.
Anna Hurt.	Gene Daughtery.	Mabel Taylor.





LADIES' ANNEX.



Y. M. C. A. COUNCIL.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The Young Men's Christian Association is an essential to a complete college life. No young man who fails to develop the spiritual part of his nature, along with the physical and mental, is a well-rounded man.

The Y. M. C. A. at Southwestern has enjoyed a year of unprecedented prosperity. The enrollment at the beginning of the session was much better than at any time in its history. Under the leadership of Mr. C. C. Young, who was President for the first term, and Mr. L. B. Newberry for the second term, the Association has grown both in point of numbers and interest. The present enrollment is more than 125, and the attendance upon and the interest in the meetings have been splendid during the entire year. Through the kindness of the Faculty, the Y. M. C. A. has been given the southeast room on the third floor of the Fitting School building for its place of meeting.

Our Association, acting in conjunction with the young ladies, sent a large delegation to the International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement at Nashville, Tenn., February 28th to March 6th. The following young men represented the Association: L. B. Newberry, Frank Holt, F. D. Caveness, H. W. Gillette, J. H. Scrimshire, and J. E. King.

Mission and Bible Study Classes have been special features in the Association work this year, classes in each of these departments being under the direction of students.

The Young Men's Christian Association is doing its part in the work of making *men* in Southwestern. —*W. Y. Switzer.*

OFFICERS.

First Term.		Second Term.
C. C. Young,	*President,*	L. B. Newberry.
W. Y. Switzer,	*Vice-President,*	F. D. Caveness.
Frank Holt,	*Secretary and Treasurer,*	Frank Holt.
F. D. Caveness,	*Chairman Devotional Committee,*	L. F. Chapman.
H. W. Gillette,	*Chairman Mission Committee,*	D. Macune.
W. L. Blackburn,	*Chairman Bible Study Committee,*	W. L. Blackburn.
E. R. Stanford,	*Chairman Membership Committee,*	J. H. Scrimshire.

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J. E. King.	L. F. Chapman.
W. Y. Switzer.	H. W. Gillette.
E. R. Stanford.	W. C. Lovelace.
D. Macune.	C. W. Rylander.
J. L. Tucker.	H. F. Bailey.
W. C. House.	S. S. Boutwell.



JOHN O. MCRENOLD SOCIETY.

JOHN O. McREYNOLD'S SOCIETY OF THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

OFFICERS.

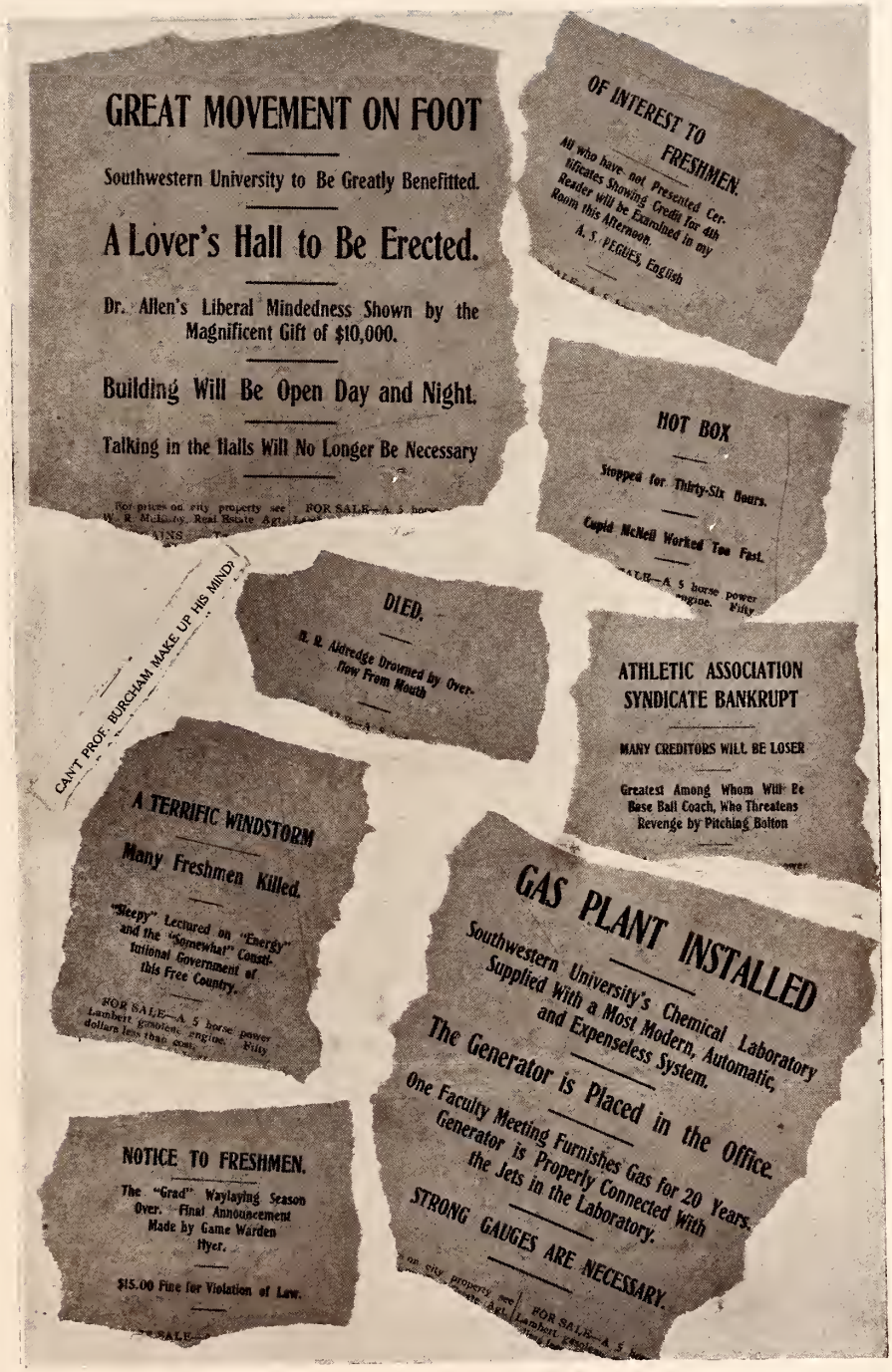
First Term.		Second Term
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O. J. Colwick,	*First Vice-President,*	J. E. Crawford.
W. E. Whigham,	*Second Vice-President,*	T. R. Burnett.
J. H. Black,	*Secretary,*	J. S. Calhoun.
Mrs. R. L. Cromwell,	*Treasurer,*	J. H. Stephenson.

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T. J. Caldwell.	J. S. Calhoun.	L. A. Chanslor.
O. J. Colwick.	W. P. Coyle, Jr.	Mrs. R. L. Cromwell.
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MEDICAL COLLEGE VIEWS.


GREAT MOVEMENT ON FOOT
Southwestern University to Be Greatly Benefitted.
A Lover's Hall to Be Erected.
Dr. Allen's Liberal Mindedness Shown by the Magnificent Gift of $10,000.
Building Will Be Open Day and Night.
Talking in the Halls Will No Longer Be Necessary
OF INTEREST TO FRESHMEN.
All who have not Presented Certificates Showing Credit for 4th Reader Will be Examined in my Room this Afternoon.
A. S. PEGUES, English
HOT BOX
Stopped for Thirty-Six Hours.
Cupid McNeil Worked Too Fast.
DIED.
R. R. Aldredge Drowned by Overflow From Mouth
CANT PROF. BURCHAM MAKE UP HIS MIND?
ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION SYNDICATE BANKRUPT
MANY CREDITORS WILL BE LOSER
Greatest Among Whom Will Be Base Ball Coach, Who Threatens Revenge by Pitching Bolton
A TERRIFIC WINDSTORM
Many Freshmen Killed.
"Sleepy" Lectured on "Energy" and the "Somewhat" Constitutional Government of this Free Country.
GAS PLANT INSTALLED
Southwestern University's Chemical Laboratory Supplied With a Most Modern, Automatic, and Expenseless System.
The Generator is Placed in the Office.
One Faculty Meeting Furnishes Gas for 20 Years.
Generator is Properly Connected With the Jets in the Laboratory.
STRONG GAUGES ARE NECESSARY.
NOTICE TO FRESHMEN.
The "Grad" Waylaying Season Over. Final Announcement Made by Game Warden Hyer.
$15.00 Fine for Violation of Law.

"CLIPPINGS"



SCENES NEAR GEORGETGWN.

The Fitting School.

THE FITTING SCHOOL.

FACULTY.

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Frank E. Burcham, Ph.B.,	*Mathematics.*
C. H. Young, A.M.,	*English.*
J. E. Binkley,	*Latin and Science.*
Miss Minnie Howren, A.M.,	*History and English.*

YELL.

High step–pity,
Hop–a–la–skip,
Dip–ity, kep–a–la,
Rah for the Prep!





SUB-FRESHMAN.

SUB-FRESHMAN CLASS.

MOTTO: "*Non oportet officium neglegere.*"

COLORS: Royal Purple and Old Gold.

FLOWER: Daisy.

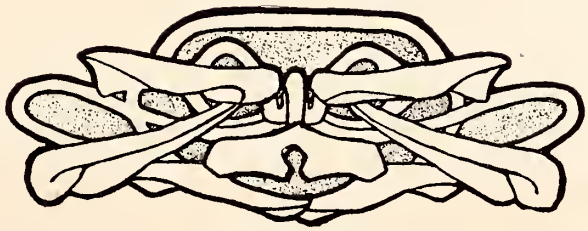
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LENA MAE NELMS,	*Vice-President.*
CHLORA HAYTER,	*Secretary.*
J. E. ZANG,	*Treasurer.*

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R. Y. Williams,	Whitewright, Tex.
J. E. Zang,	Dallas, Tex.





TRAVIS LITERARY SOCIETY.

TRAVIS LITERARY SOCIETY.

Established 1900.

MOTTO, ... *"Eloquentia et Sapientia."*
COLORS, ... White and Blue.

YELL.

Hoo Ho Hay!
Hoo Ho Hay!
Travis, Travis, She 's O. K.!
Who 's O. K.? Who 's O. K.?
Travis, Travis, She 's O. K.!

OFFICERS.

	September.	*November.*	*February.*
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Vice-President, ...	FISHER.	OWEN.	SANDERS.
Critic, ...	MYERS,	CRITTENDEN.	COOK.
Secretary, ...	OWEN.	HUCKABEE.	CAMPBELL.

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J. F. RUSSELL. J. B. HENDRIX.

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CRAVEN, B.
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HENDRY, H.
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LIND, W.
MASTERSON, C. G.
MYERS, L. N.
OWEN, R. E.
OWEN, PRESTON.
RUSSELL, J. F.
RICHARDSON, M. A.
SCULL, R. H.
SMITH, R. N.
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SPIVEY, E.
STONE, L. L.
WILLIAMS, C. A.



SAM HOUSTON LITERARY SOCIETY.

SAM HOUSTON LITERARY SOCIETY.

Reorganized 1905.

MOTTO: *"Eloquentia et Sapientia."*

COLORS: Black and Red.

YELL.

Razzle! Dazzle!
Hobble! Gobble!
Sis! Boom! Bah!
Houston! Houston!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

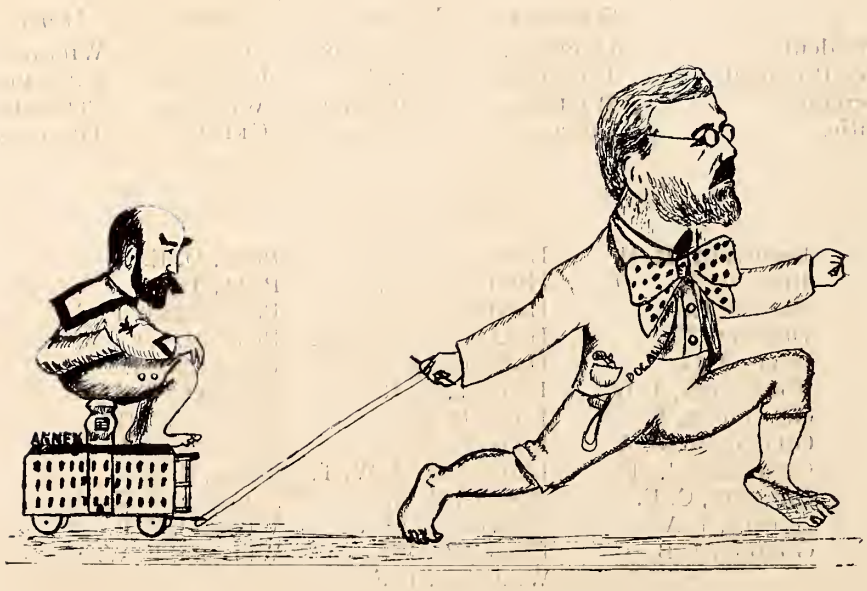
OFFICERS.

	September.	*November.*	*January.*	*March.*
President, ...	GARRETT.	MASTERSON.	SLATON.	WILKINS.
Vice-President, . . .	HARRELL.	PEEL, J.	GARRETT.	SADDLER.
Secretary, ...	WILLIAMS.	FORRESTER.	WILKINS.	PLUMMER.
Critic, ...	PIERCE.	PEEL, D.	GRIMES.	HENDRIX.

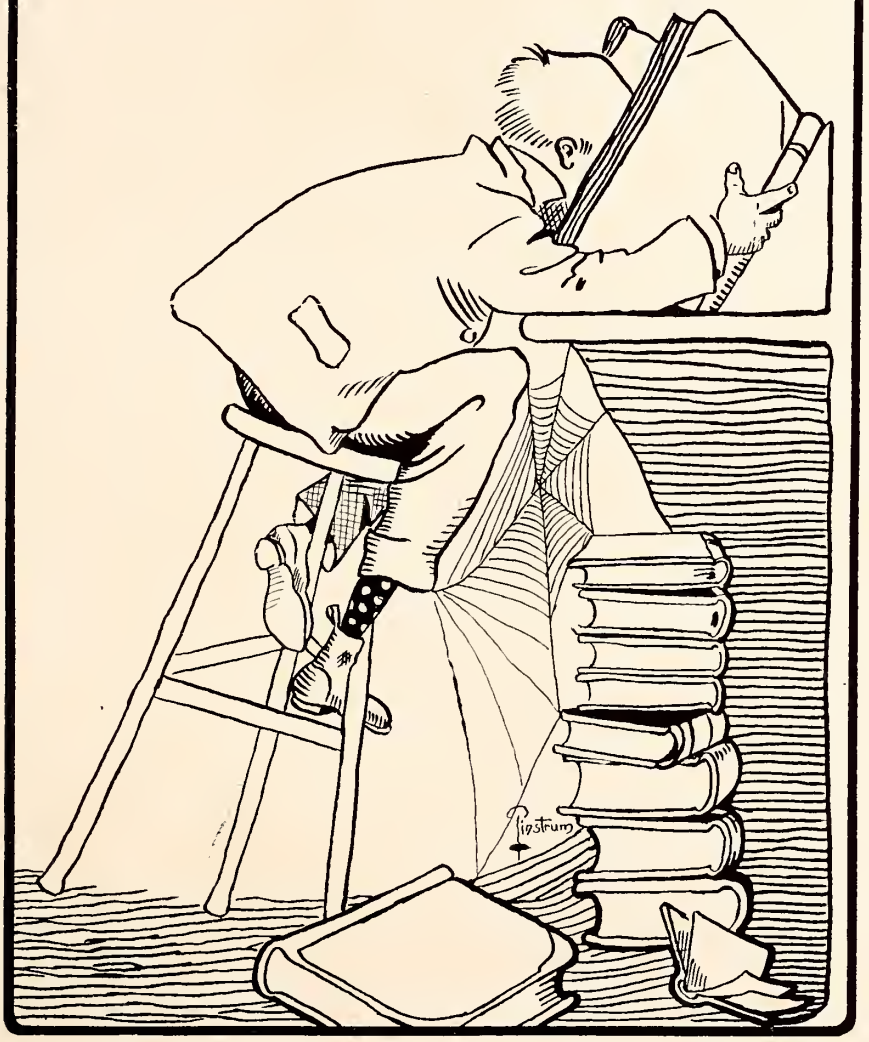
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LOVE, R. L.
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PEAL, T. L.
PLUENNEKE, P. C.
PUTNAM, J. C.
PLUMMER, M.
RUSSELL, J. E. Y.
SLATON, W. B.
SANDERS, B. L.
SCULL, C. E.
SADDLER, G. Z.
WILKINS, C. E.
WEISSER, F. W.




ANNEX

Literature



THE CRISIS.

Hardy Martyns was, when in his Freshman year, a tall, handsome boy of seventeen. His dark-brown eyes and curly black hair made him almost irresistible to the girls. But they did not interest him until he met Annette. Annette—or, to give her proper title, Miss Bronson—was a "Prep." She was a mischievous little minx—a regular heart-breaker.

Hardy met her at a reception in the girls' dormitory—that was the beginning. As he talked to her he felt his heart slipping away. He afterwards wondered that he did not fall upon his knees to her and cry, "My heart is yours, all yours, forever!" When he left that night, she wore his fraternity, society, and class pins. But what was more pleasant, to him, at least, he had her promise that she would answer his notes.

When the notes began they were very formal; but they changed from "My dear Miss Bronson . . . . . Yours truly, Hardy Martyns," and "My dear Mr. Martyns . . . . . Sincerely, Annette Bronson," to something like "My precious girl . . . . . Your true lover, Hardy," and "My own precious one . . . . Yours forever, Annette." Hardy, in his first letter, stated the fact that it was such great fun to outwit the Profs by writing. Annette merely agreed. The bodies of the later letters will not bear repetition; they were filled with things which only young lovers write and of which they are afterwards either ashamed, or think of with a throb of sadness and pain, remembering how sweet their first love was. At Christmas there came a pause in their letters, because both went home—and then Annette's papa might care.

The final parting came in July; but both looked forward very eagerly to the next school year. When, however, in September, Hardy returned and Annette did not, he thought that he would never recover; but he did, though all through his college career he looked back with pleasure and some pain on his flirtation with Annette.

When he was graduated in his literary course, Hardy studied law. Finishing also in this, he went to Chicago, where he set up an office on La Salle Street. He soon gained a good practice, and everyone spoke of him as one of the most prominent lawyers in the city. Ten years had now passed since he had known Annette, and he was a handsome, well-developed young man.

His large head was still covered with thick, curly black hair; his high, white forehead told of the brain that lay behind it; his dark eyes, now merry, now sad, were the mirrors in which all of the emotions of his mind were shown; his nose was finely cut; his red lips, when parted, disclosed two rows of pure white teeth; his chin gave an impression of strength; his face was clean shaven. He was much admired, as nearly every handsome man is. As he was in the "smart set," he was asked to everything. Many people wondered why he did not marry, for every mamma with marriageable daughters had her designs upon him.

Hardy lived with his sister, Mrs. Martyns-Browne, who was a wealthy widow, several years older than he. One evening, as Hardy entered the house, his sister was entertaining a visitor in the small parlor. As he passed the door he caught a glimpse of the visitor, who was sitting with her back to him. She wore a costly

stylish dress of soft silk; she had a well-shaped head with a mass of chestnut hair done low on her neck in a figure eight. She wore one of those queer little round patent leather hats. One shapely-gloved hand rested on the back of her chair. Hardy did not know her, but he was charmed by her appearance—even by a back view.

That evening at dinner, when the servants had been dismissed, Mrs. Martyns-Browne said: "I had a most charming visitor this afternoon, Mrs. Ellington, the wife of that gray-haired Crœsus, old man Ellington. He 's sixty, at least. We received cards several weeks ago for their reception, which will be two weeks from to-day."

So she was married! All of Hardy's fancy for her ceased.

"And did we accept?", he asked, smilingly.

"Certainly."

"How is it," asked Hardy, "that I have never seen her before?"

"Her home is in Denver. Mr. Ellington went there and married her; it is said that she married him for his money. You know him, do you not?"

"Well, he is one of my clients."

Two weeks later Hardy and Mrs. Martyns-Browne rode in their motor car to Mrs. Ellington's. They were very late, for Mrs. Martyns-Browne could not bear to be less than an hour late. They were ushered into the reception hall.

"My brother, Mr. Martyns, Mrs. Ellington." Hardy glanced at his hostess. She was faultlessly and beautifully attired. Her imported gown of *crêpe de chine* was sown over with pearls and fringed with real lace; as it was made *décollete*, one could see her beautiful white shoulders. The gown was supported by shoulder-straps of rubies; a superb necklace of diamonds was around about her full throat; upon her head she wore a gleaming tiara of diamonds. Every movement caused the jewels to glisten and throw out sparks of light, as if they were alive. This was her first appearance in the famous Ellington jewels, which did not, however, detract from the beauty of her face.

But as she looked at Hardy, Mrs. Ellington turned pale, gasped a little, then muttered a greeting; Hardy bowed and moved to another part of the room. Several hours later Mrs. Ellington came to him.

"Do you not wish to see our conservatory?"

"Yes, indeed."

They walked in silence to the glass house, where many couples had already assembled. Avoiding these, she led the way to a secluded corner; there she stopped. The place was very beautiful. A fountain threw up clear water, which was caught in a concrete basin. Many gold fish darted through the water like streaks of flame. Ferns of many different species grew in it. Broad water lilies covered its surface. A circle of palms grew around it. Up to this time Mrs. Ellington had been strangely agitated, but now she regained her calmness, and smilingly turned to Hardy.

"Do you not know me, Mr. Martyns? I would never have forgotten you so soon."

But Hardy was looking blankly at her. He did not recognize her.

"My dear Hardy. . . . . Yours, Annette," she repeated, smiling.

Then Hardy knew the truth.

"Annette! Annette!" he cried.

"The same!"

"Annette!" he cried again, as though not believing his eyes.

"Mrs. Ellington," she now corrected.

"How beautiful you are! Perhaps that is the reason I did not know you."

"You are very complimentary; but I suppose I was a fright when you knew me."

"You know that I did not mean that. This is a different kind of beauty from that of my school-girl Annette," he said, with all of his former love coming back to him.

But Mrs. Ellington quickly changed the conversation from this dangerous ground. The talk drifted to their college days. But suddenly Hardy asked "Annette, ———."

"Mrs. Ellington, please," she interrupted.

"Annette," he went on, not heeding the interruption, "why did you marry *him?* You are not happy."

She turned very pale. "Why, because I wanted to, Mr. Martyns. I am happy," she said defiantly. "Let 's go back to the house."

When they entered the house, they separated. Hardy did not talk with her again. Mrs. Martyns-Browne and he made their party call a few days later. Several times after this he called. Annette was never at home. They went to the same receptions, but, through her skillful management, Annette always successfully avoided him; and, though Hardy strove against it, this only increased his love. "The moth will fly about the candle until it burns its wings." Thus it was with Hardy. One afternoon, about four months after Annette's reception, Hardy, after being told that Annette was not at home, insisted upon seeing her. Finally, she came down. She looked very pale and sick.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Martyns."

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Ellington."

"Why did you come?"

"What a question! You are very civil! I came to see you. Why do you refuse to see me?"

"Because I do not wish to. Go away, please."

She looked very ill. Her face bore the signs of some inward trouble. Hardy sprang to her side.

"Annette, dear, what is the matter? It grieves me to see you so."

Still she raised her hands in protest, "Call me Mrs. Ellington, please."

But Hardy could not restrain himself. "Annette!" he cried, "I love you, I love you!"

"Hush, hush! How you torture me! Do not tempt me! It is wrong!"

"Yes, dear, it is wrong. Forgive me for my weakness. This is the last time I shall come here. I am going now."

Once he stooped down and kissed her; then he was gone. As the door closed, with a sob she fainted.

Outside a man wandered blindly through the streets. Ever and anon he whispered, "The crisis is past. It is well." —*Hyder E. Rollins.*

WELCOME TO MAY.

The trees in their garments of grandeur,
The flowers in gorgeous array,
Are waiting in all of their beauty
To welcome the coming of May.

The chirp of the birds which was doleful
Is changed to a beautiful lay;
And we, with the trees, flowers, and birds,
Heartily welcome you, fair month of May. —*T. A.*

TREASURES OF MEMORY.

Long years ago, when we were young,
Life was a pleasant dream,
And fancy threw her flowers bright
Upon sweet memory's stream,
We thought upon the future, then
So beautiful and fair,
And sitting by the river side
Built castles in the air.
Oh, we were light and joyous then—
Yea, happy as the day—
"The very sunbeams seemed to laugh
To see us look so gay."

Don't you remember how you told
Sweet tales of fairy love:
How some brave knight would giants slay,
His mistress to restore;
How we, in pure innocence,
Believed them to be true—
You, from your childish, guiltless faith,
I from my trust in you;
And how I said, in years to come
We 'll live beside that stream?
And all the while the sunbeams laughed,
So glorious was our dream.

Long years have passed, and yet
You might believe in fairies still,
For smooth has been your stream in life
As some low forest rill;
Your hopes of faith and truth and love
Still o'er your pathway shine,
While sorrow's naives, within their depths,
Have deeply buried mine.
And while you, in your trusting heart,
Your happiness retain,
Mine has been wrecked amid the shoals
Of riches and fame.

—*An Alethean.*

THE GAMMA INSPECTOR.

'The trunks covered with a Navajo blanket and piled high with sofa pillows, with Belle's little tea-table and a sudden accession of *bric-a-brac*, will make a charming cozy corner. Lill, run and bring your hand-painted comb-and-brush tray. And, Susie, your Kappa Sigma group over the desk will add nicely to my collection. Don't put my Phi pennant so near Margie's Beta one; the colors swear awfully!"

Blossom Gray accomplished the feat of articulating the foregoing orders intelligibly and intelligently with a mouth full of tacks and hands and eyes busy with the draping of fresh Swiss curtains. To the uninitiated a revolution would have seemed to be going on in the cozy dormitory-room, which was rapidly being transformed, by the help of many willing hands, into a bower of borrowed beauty. Every room containing a Kappa Chi pennant and "block" had been rifled to add to the overcrowded condition of Blossom's "boudoir," as they began to call it. And—strange to relate—a similar upheaval was in process in a Mu Rho room on the floor above. For once the rival sororities worked in unison, but with a safe distance between.

At last the work of transformation seemed complete, and tired Kappa Chis vanished to rest in other rooms—the bed, "cozy corner," and chairs were too carefully arranged in the "boudoir" to be disturbed.

Three devoted "sisters" remained to do the "final touches" and admire the "effect."

"It 's just *too* sweet, and if she doesn't report favorably for us, she 's a hard-hearted ———. Oh, come in!"

The door opened, and the pretty head of the youngest teacher appeared.

"Oh, Miss Moore!" chorused the girls. "Come in and pass judgment."

"Why, whatever has happened to you girls!" Miss Moore looked properly puzzled and gratifyingly pleased with the effect, while Susie Westford volunteered explanations.

"Oh, haven't you heard? There 's a Gamma visiting Miss Lucy Barnard in town, and she 's going to bring her up for tea this evening, and we must make an impression on her. Yes, I know my pronouns are confusing; but, any way, we all donated our best things to the impression, and we 're going to serve tea here for her. You see, she 's *supposed* to be visiting Barnard's, but *we* think it 's an inspection-visit in disguise, and we 've longed for an inspector for *ages*. A favorable report from her may mean a charter for us from a real live national sorority—from GAMMA!"

"And the Mu Rhos?" Miss Moore laughingly asked.

Lillian Strong shrugged expressive shoulders.

"Oh, they are to entertain her also, but you know they have no chance for Gamma, even if they apply a thousand years."

"And Kappa Chi's chances?"

"FINE! Who could resist this room, and these girls, incidentally? Be-

sides, we 've promise of outside help, and, as she 's visiting Will Barnard's cousin, his influence may count. We have that, haven't we, Bloss?"

Blossom flushed, and the other girls looked conscious.

"So the débonaire young baseball captain is to be called into play? Beware how you hurl our Beau Brummel at a stranger's head—even for Gamma! Well, good luck to Kappa Chi!"

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

That afternoon at five a bevy of excited Kappa Chis fluttered about the corridor, Blossom having refused to unlock her immaculate apartment until the sentinel, posted down stairs, should announce the arrival of the guests. At last, the young "pledge," to whom that duty had been detailed, darted breathlessly up the stairs.

"They 're coming!" she gasped, "and *she 's* pretty!"

Blossom hastily unlocked the door, and three or four of the girls strove to arrange themselves in natural and becoming positions. The rest of the sorority had been ordered to wait in a neighboring room and "drop in casually in twos and threes"—"If you *can* be *casual* in your glad clothes on Saturday afternoon!" Susie added.

Miss Barnard and the Formidable One, who was pretty, approachable, and *young*, were ensconced in comfortable arm-chairs and fed tea and wafers while the Kappa Chis "dropped in." If the Formidable One—otherwise Miss Betty Marston—saw anything pointed in such behavior she gave no sign, but asked interested questions about their college life, and appeared charmingly appreciative of their rather obvious attentions.

It was Lillian who first discovered a tiny shield gleaming beneath the coveted Gamma badge, and who cried delightedly:

"So you wear a Zeta pin, too, and we are sisters!"

Then Kappa Chi startled itself by the number of Zeta affiliations it scraped up. Zeta pennants, pictures, and such, were proudly exhibited and Zeta pins brought into prominence—even one or two hitherto "worn underneath" were furtively resurrected.

At last Miss Barnard rose to go, remarking that "Betty had been specially invited to meet the Mu Rhos upstairs." As they passed the dresser in going out, Miss Marston's attention was attracted to a photograph, framed beside it.

"I see Mr. Barnard has a Kappa Chi friend," she remarked.

"Oh, do you know *him?*" The chorus was enthusiastic. "He 's the most popular man in college, and he 's such a friend of 'our girls.' Blossom wore his pin last year—ever so much like *your* Zeta pin."

"Yes, I know him. You see I 'm visiting his cousin and can't well avoid it. I 've heard him speak of you girls as well as of the Mu Rhos."

The Kappa Chis glanced at each other uneasily, and Lillian, by right of having discovered a bond of union in Miss Marston, spoke:

"He doesn't really care much for *them*, but they are crazy about *him*—want him for a 'Mu Rho man.' Everybody here knows how much he likes Blossom."

Then Miss Marston vanished over to the realms of Mu Rho, and, from the sounds wafted down, her reception was quite cordial. But Kappa Chi was confident of the impression it had made, and rested on its laurels.

"She even noticed Will Barnard's picture in our room," sighed Susie, ecstatically. "I tell you, girls, we 'll have him rush her for us, and Blossom and the rest of you will have to sacrifice your feelings for the sake of our future *National Charter*."

"Just the thing! But perhaps it wasn't wise to tell her how much he thinks of Bloss to begin with, only it *was* a chance to 'talk up,' even if we did have to exaggerate, Blossie, dear."

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The two weeks passed in a round of excitement for the two rival sororities—more bitter rivals than ever in their struggle for a charter from Gamma Beta. Miss Marston was fêted by Kappa Chis and toasted by Mu Rhos—but such detai's are out of place in a short short-story. She was seen often with the handsome young baseball captain, while each sorority complacently assured itself that he was "rushing for *us*"—for Barnard was a diplomat as well as a baseball star and all-'round good fellow.

When the day came for Miss Marston to say good-bye, brilliant efforts were made by the respective crowds of prospective Gammas for a final impression. This time she went up to the Mu Rho sanctum first and came down to Kappa Chi tea with an armful of roses and flushed with flattering regrets at her departure.

"It has been such a pleasure to know you girls, and I can't thank you for the beautiful way you have entertained me," she said, as she sat in Blossom's "cozy corner," still dedicated to "Gamma hopes," and held hands with half-tearful Kappa Chis, one at a time. When the good-byes were being said, Lill boldly ventured the hope that her report would be favorable for them. And then a light of comprehension dawned in Miss Marton's charming face, and she laughed till she cried.

"At last I see! The Mu Rhos have been hinting such queer things, and everybody was too nice to me that when I first came I thought you must be rushing me as a prospective. My dear children, I am not an inspector for Gamma. I 've been out of college and abroad for a year, and I didn't even know you two crowds were applying for a Gamma Charter until yesterday, when Mr. Barnard mentioned it to me. But I 've got really attached to you girls, and I 'll do all I can for you. By the way, I 've a secret to tell you. It isn't to be announced till next month, but Will and I have been engaged since last summer and are to be married in October."

It was a very dazed lot of girls whom Miss Marston left in the room adorned for her sole benefit. A few resorted to hysterics, but Susie's irrepressible sense of humor soon found speech, and she gasped between gales of merriment:

"Oh, lordy! And we thought he was rushing for us! It was a trial to be on inspection for two weeks; but Betty Marston 's a trump, and if it means a step nearer a Gamma Charter, then we 'll forgive her for taking Will Barnard away. O Bloss, dear! How we did use his fondness for *you!* Anyway, here 's three cheers for the 'Gamma Inspector.' "

THE VOICEFUL WEST.

List to the song of the prairies,
Song to the glad and free;
America's voice in music
Chimes out over the sea.
Verbenas dancing in service
To winds that are light and gay,
Rolling the sea of blossom
Into a colored spray.
Far out over the meadow
Where sky and flowers meet,
Down to the babbling brookside,
Bowing at th' giant's feet,
Flowers uncovered to sunshine
Dance and frolic and play
With a low sweet song of gladness,
For 't is the month of May.

Geraniums, daisies, and bluebells,
Nodding and tossing their heads,
Play in wild gypsy fashion,
Towering above the beds
Of millions of tiny sword-blades—
Arms of the verdant grass—
Clashing and crashing in battle,
Tangled in thick matted mass.
The primrose, bowing in laughter,
Kisses the daisy sweet;
The verbena, swaying in sunshine,
Kisses the primrose's feet;
The butterfly sea-gull, in leisure,
Dipping and taking a sip,
Kisses each flower in succession
And rises with honey-dewed lip;
Far away the distant hillside
Forms a rugged shore,
Toward which this ocean of blossom
Rolls on forevermore;
Far up the rocky hill side,
Dashing and bounding in glee,
Rises the white-blown mallows—
Breakers on this happy sea.

Come, ye lovers of beauty;
Ye lovers of music, come.
The beautiful musical flowers
Strike all admirers dumb.
Out from the noise of battle;
Out from the city's hum-drum;
Out from the stilted palace;
Out from the hovel, come;
Come, ye bent in sorrow;
Come, ye feeble and gray;
Come, strong youth and fair maiden;
Come, happy children, and play.
Join on the happy seashore,
Whence hope and promise springs,
The burthen of sorrow 't will lighten
For sunshine and gladness it brings;
Ne'er was hot spring so restor'tive
Of health and happiness. Ah, me!
Come, bathe in these heal'ing waters.
Out in the open free;
Come, ye kings and princes,
See how our country is blest;
Was e'er people so rich as
In this opulent West?
Come, ye oppressed by monarch:
Out in our fields so large
Broad valleys, plains, and prairies
Are singing oppression's dirge.

Let 's join in the song of the flowers;
Be happy, light-hearted alway;
Welcome their coming and going;
Welcome each passing day.
List to the song of the prairies,
Song to the glad and free;
America's voice in music
Chimes out over the sea.

—*R. D. Jones.*

"AS THE SPARROWS HOMEWARD FLY."

"Thirty minutes late," so the ticket agent said. He pulled out his watch and saw that it would yet be an hour and a half until train-time. So determined was he not to be left that he had come to the station an hour and a half before the train was due. The thought that he would be delayed thirty minutes in seeing her almost drove him to madness. He sat silently in the corner, with his watch in his hand, counting the seconds as they slowly dragged away, each seeming longer than the preceding one. What could he do until then? Ah! he would think of her, and the joy that would be his on seeing her—and, perhaps, the time would pass more quickly. With that thought, he grew more cheerful. Yes, he would soon see her and be near her. Again he grew despondent, for each moment was keeping him from her side; and he vowed that when he should reach her he would never leave again. He felt that if he could once more fold her in his arms that no power could ever again force him away. Why had he ever left her? He recalled distinctly the parting and with what unwillingness he had gone away. He was sure that she was sorry to have him go, because, as she stood in the doorway bidding him good-bye, he saw a tear, which she endeavored to conceal, steal gently from the corner of her eye, and he knew that it was only the beginning of the many that she had shed after he had gone. No one would ever know what he had suffered during those three weeks—what anguish had been his, or how he had yearned and longed for her; no one would ever know what passionate and bitter tears he had wept before the severe ordeal of their first separation had passed; how many restless days and sleepless nights he had spent with but one constant thought, and that one of her.

Now, that he was determined to go back, would she be glad to see him? But he knew she would, or else what meant that tear at his departure that had been such a comfort to him during his absence? Would there be any words of reproach? Would she send him away again? He felt that she would not, and, should she attempt it, he would not go. Here his reverie was broken by the sound of the train-whistle in the distance. As he boarded the cars there came to him such a feeling of joy that he had not known since he left her. Soon he would be with her, never to go away again. But how slowly the wheels seemed to be going over the track! and he contrasted that motion with the rapidity with which they seemed to carry him away from her three weeks before. After what appeared to him an eternity, he finally reached his destination, and then his ecstacy knew no bounds. It seemed almost impossible for him to conceal his feelings, and he felt that everyone he passed must be able to perceive his joy.

As her home came into view, he increased his pace into almost a run, but suddenly stopped with the thought, what if she were not at home? He knew, of course, that she would not be looking for him, but it had never occurred to him before that she would not be there ready to receive him. These thoughts filled his mind until he reached the gate, and, as he looked toward the house, what a vision greeted his eyes! Yes, there she sat in her accustomed place, on the front porch behind the vines. He ran lightly up the walk, and as she arose to meet him he clasped her in a loving embrace, and exclaimed: "Mother, I don't care if I never have an education, if I have to leave you and go off to school to get it!"

TOM, DICK, OR HARRY.

BY MABEL TAYLOR.

"Well, Girlie, whose day 'to rush' is to-day?"

"Oh, no one's, of course."

This conversation took place in the corridor of a large university between two girls, who seemed to be the best of friends.

The girl to whom the question was addressed was decidedly the prettier; she seemed to possess all of the womanly charms.

The second girl, although not as pretty, had a very attractive face.

"That it just the way with you, Loraine; you try to make people think that you are not as popular as you really are. Have you promised to take either Tom's or Dick's pin yet? Who has a date with you to bring you up here to-night to practice for your recital? You must do your best to-morrow night; I know you will, though," said the second girl.

"As you have not given me time to answer any of your questions," laughingly replied the first girl, "I will begin at the first one: I have not promised anything about either of the pins. Tom is coming with me to-night. Do not worry, Hellen; I will do my best to-morrow night."

"Poor Tom and Dick!" said Hellen. "Neither knows who holds the winning card. You are going driving with Dick to-morrow afternoon. Be sure to be good to him. Bless old Harry! Here he comes now. I will leave you in good company."

As Hellen went to her class she did worry a great deal. She knew that Tom's Psi pin was equally as handsome as Dick's Delta pin. Tom was a handsome, bright, jolly, wealthy, and all-round boy, but so was Dick. Whose pin would Loraine take? The Psis and the Deltas had both rushed Loraine equally. Would she take either of the pins? Harry would not go with her if she took either of them, although he was a Chi man. He was the equal of the other two boys in every particular. He would not offer his pin to Loraine until he found out what she was going to do about the others. Hellen did not know what to advise her friend to do.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

As Tom left that night he again requested Loraine to give her final answer. He had pleaded his cause manfully.

"I will give you my answer when you bring over that book to-morrow afternoon that you wished me to read."

Tom went away after a few more words, feeling sure that at her recital he would see her wear the Psi pin. He was jubilant.

As Dick was on his way to Loraine's recital the following night he felt as if he were not even touching the earth. He had been with her all the afternoon. Never had he liked her better. She had promised to give him her answer about his Delta pin to-night. He knew it would be as he wished it. Loraine looked hand-

somer than she had ever looked before. She played as if she were simply playing for her own enjoyment. Her playing could not have been better.

There were some Psi and Delta boys sitting near the stage. They notieed that Loraine had on a new pin that glistened with gems. Whose p n was it? The Psi boys knew that Tom had been prevented from going to her home that afternoon. The Delta boys knew that Diek was to get his answer that night. Both crowds knew that the two boys were in the ante-room talking to her between the pieees.

After she had finished playing the boys went in to eongratulate her on the grand sueeess of her reital. Each one seeretly hoped to find out whose pin she had on.

They found her surrounded by friends. They were to be disappointed. She had thrown a light shawl around her shoulders. Should the Psi or Delta boys say that they were glad to have her as their sister? Tom and Diek were both there, laughing and talking with the others. Every time any of the boys tried to ask their brother whose pin it was, she would ask some question.

The Psi and Delta boys refrained from their efforts in a few minutes, and went home.

Harry took Loraine home. This was to be the last time he would go with her, beeause she had put on one of the pins. Who had been the lucky one?

He would have to leave in ten more minutes. How he hoped she would pull off her shawl, so that he eould see whieh pin it was!

Only five more minutes.

"I am so warm!" said Loraine, and threw off her shawl.

Harry tried to keep his eyes off that pin, but he could not.

Presently Loraine began laughing. "Have you seen my new pin? I think our new sorority pins are ever so pretty. I reeeived mine only this afternoon." So saying, she took off the new pin for him to see, and ————.

WHICH IS BEST?

Oh, Jaek is such a naughty boy!
Just mean as he can be;
For when I turned my head away
He stole a kiss from me.

Then he only laughed and said
That stolen fruit was best,
And still eontinued teasing me,
As if it were great jest.

I eried, I w'll eon ess it;
The tears flowed thiek and fast;
So then Jaek felt quite sorry
And my forgiveness asked:

"O Ethel, dear, don't ery," he said;
"You know I love you."
"Then, if you really love me, Jaek,
You would have stolen two.

"I do not mind you kissing me,
I think that is great fun;
But, Jaek, I really had to cry,
For you would n't take but one."

"So when I gave Jaek one sweet kiss,
I asked him, just in jest:
'Now, Jaek, my dear, do you still think
That stolen fruit is best?'"

—*T. W. A.*

AMBITION AND AMY.

BY J. HALE EDWARDS.

"Hang the luck!" said Ned, when he came into his room.

"What is the matter now, old lady? Why is your dandruff up?" was the reply of his room-mate, Dick.

"Yours would be up, too, if you had been caught talking to a girl in the hall."

"Who caught you?"

"King Bob."

"Did he see you?"

"Looked right into my eyes."

"If that is all, you need not suffer any uneasiness. If he even so much as looked into your eyes he did not know it. He knew he was looking at a nonentity. Leave off thinking of that. I brought you some mail."

At the moment, Ned did not remember what a nonentity was, but he was willing to be anything, just so the young lady escaped undemerited. As he turned to the table he saw the mail—yes, mail. "I say, old fellow," he said, looking toward Dick, "this must be in celebration of my birthday. You know I am twenty-two to-day. And here are four letters—one from mother, one from a friend, one from Mississippi, and one from—Amy."

"Amy? Who is that? She is new to me. I thought I knew about all your friends," interrupted Dick.

"Never mind about her. Let me see first what they all have to say."

Dick was restless until he had finished them. He did not know whether Ned had just learned of a "bust" in last week's final, or whether he had received bad news from home, or whether Amy was agitating his mind. However, he was inclined towards the first, since he came in with such a serious face. Determined to satisfy his curiosity, he said: "Now, I want to know what is the matter. Is it bad news from home, a 'bust,' or did she say 'No'?"

"Well, your last question covers the ground, but I don't mean to say that I proposed or that she refused. But I 'll tell you, Dick, this girl-subject is weighing on my mind. Here it is: I am twenty-two; in ten more weeks I take a degree. If I loved any one of these girls it would be a different thing—but I don't; and, besides, I do not want to; it would interfere with my ambition."

"Never mind about your ambition. I want to know what was in that letter."

"If that is all you want, you may be satisfied. Mother told about the dinner she gave last Sunday, when the minister and his family were there. Laura told about her reception, given in honor of a cousin. The Mississippi friend sent the best greetings possible for another birthday and the future, and—Amy!"

"That 's the one I am interested in," spoke up Dick.

"Shoot, you needn't be. She only said she hoped I was in good health, able to do my work, and that I would come out with flying colors Commencement—as she knew I would; also, she would be glad to see me home again."

"Yes, that is not much, but it is subtle and has a meaning to you—that is what I want to know. If you can't tell me about it, you can tell me about your ambition you mentioned a while ago."

"I suppose I can tell you about this in connection with my ambition. There are not only these three girls, but there is one in the dormitory."

"Ha! ha!" broke in Dick. "Yes, I see the reason for that serious face now. Tell me about her. Did she fix you?"

"Not as much as you might think. How does this strike you?" Ned drew out his watch, in the casing of which was a miniature photo of the dormitory girl.

"By Jove! When did you get that?"

"Just a while ago; before I was caught."

"I do not see why you should have such a serious face now, Ned, old boy."

"The main reason, as I have said before, and will show you pretty soon, is that girls and my ambition do not harmonize, unless I find the right one. Amy fills the requirements in being 'accomplished, gentle, affectionate, and not stupid.' But I am not inclined to believe in any such stuff. I agree with the philosopher who said there was only one disparity in marriage and that was unsuitability of mind and purpose. I am going to tell you my ambition next, and you can then better understand my theories and position.

"In the first place, I have always been inclined towards railroading, and, since I have understood what it means, I expect to be a financier in the railroad business. I am going to leave for St. Louis as soon as Commencement is over. Of course, I am going *via* home to bid my folks and friends adieu. I have a position already with one of the leading railroad systems in the United States. When I am thirty-five I expect to be at the head of that system, or another one just as great. You can readily see that, with such an ambition, I haven't time for anything, save to foster it. Yet, this dormitory girl doesn't only come up to the requirements, but she has an inheritance not to be despised. What do you think about my ambition? Tell me yours?"

"I think it is a great one, and, in many respects, commendable. Although you are correct in that ambition and girls do not harmonize, yet I think you have the mistaken idea in this case. I fail to see the argument. For instance, I intend to leave for Chicago as soon as I am through here, where I expect to take a doctorate in philosophy in three years; yet I do not expect to leave my girl behind; she is going along to aid me. Neither she nor I have any inheritance. It looks to me as though that dormitory girl would be an aid to you in reaching that goal, with the dowry which she possesses."

This was a new idea to Ned, but he did not own it to Dick. He did not study as faithfully that night on account of the presence of that new idea. The ten weeks passed rapidly, while the days passed slowly. This may be accounted for on the ground that Ned had become, to some extent, similar to some of the other boys. He had that dormitory girl's schedule posted in his brain; he loitered in the halls. You know the rest. Commencement came; his colors did fly. He was victorious in the final oratorical contest. Dick came out with "*magna cum laude.*"

August came, too. Dick and his wife had been settled in their new quarters in Chicago a week. They had moved early, in celebration of their honeymoon. On this special Saturday afternoon, when we see them, they were discussing and speculating about Ned, his ambition, and her inheritance. In came the mail. One envelope, Dick thought, he recognized, as from Ned, yet it was stamped at his home town, when he expected one from him to be marked St. Louis. It was opened first; it was so short we shall quote: "Dear Old Lady,—When you come back to Texas, you must come to see how harmoniously my Ambition and Amy live in the same cottage. Ned."

AN EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF A COLLEGE BOY.

Monday.—I went off with my Love last night.

Tuesday.—Called on Miss ——— again. If that fellow of her's in A——— hadn't urged her so, I am sure that I could win out. Just let him stay away for a month or more, and I will have my way.

Wednesday.—Went for a horseback ride. I feel rather done up; but am sure she was impressed with my equestrian accomplishments, although I did get jolted quite a great deal. However, it was due entirely to the rough animal which I was riding.

Thursday.—Biology day for her at the college, and, just to think, she caught me talking to an annex girl in the hall. Alas! I fear it will cost me several pounds of Huyler's to make good. 'T is worth it though, by Jove!

Friday.—Just when I thought that I was ready to declare myself I met Her—you ask whom I mean by Her? Why, who could it be but L———. She was at the office, and what do you think! She was reading a letter from some durn place in the North—and she smiled so sweetly:

"Why, hello, Mr. B———. Just had a letter from S. G———, and he says that he is coming down to see me. Isn't that nice?"

Of course, I had to agree, but at the same time I felt a heavy weight down in my boots, and I realized that there lay my heart.

Saturday.—Biology II. for Miss L——— again. She won't find me talking to an annex girl this time.

Dear me! That fellow is always butting in. Now, why couldn't he wait until after school to put in his mouth?

Sunday.—Went to church to-night with L———. Oh, she looked ravishingly beautiful! Am dead over heels in love with her.

Three Weeks Later.—Dear little book! Such a long time since I confided in you. I 'll promise not to be so long again, if these pesky town cows will let me alone.

Now, about two weeks ago I had prepared to declare myself on Sunday night. I kept repeating my little spiel to myself all the way to Her house. The night was dark and rather stormy, and I could not distinguish any object clearly ahead of me. Just as I turned the corner at the Chili Stand I came to a halt—not premeditated, however. I saw what I at first thought to be H. R. Aldredge, and I charged upon him—much to my sorrow. It proved to be a popular nuisance, the town cow, and I was hastily precipitated, head first, into the mud. Of course, I could not go in that fix, so I went home for repairs—I needed them sadly. My clothes were torn, and I had a black eye and a half nose gone.

After considering, I decided to call her up on the telephone and beg her to excuse me, because I feared that I could not make an impression in my battered condition.

She let me off, but since she has treated me a trifle coolly.

Oh, the perfidy of womankind! 'T was all for her, too

Now there is another rival in the field. Will I ever be successful?

To-day is her music day. I must watch for her at she passes the college, and walk to the annex with her. She always looks so charming in that green and pink hat. Green is so becoming to her, but what isn't?

Mrs. McKennon has noticed my melancholia lately. I wonder if she guesses the real cause of it? I cannot be so frivolous and gay as I formerly was, when there is such an important crisis about to be reached.

The rain on Monday night postponed yet another date. Ah, woe is me! But I 'm determined to win out yet.

With the two most important rivals away, and myself growing more brainy and winning laurels every day, I see no reason why I should not be successful, if that blankety, blank cow will stay out of the nice walk.

AT TWILIGHT HOUR.

Far in the west
Sinks the sun;
And calmly steals the night
Upon its disappearing wake,
And leaves the world and me to rest.

The day is done,
With all its joys,
Its cares and many trials;
And all have left their mark
Upon my life, as I have lost or won.

Each day, one mile
Towards the goal;
Reached at life's journey's end;
And may I at each mile-post find
Not a condemning frown, but an approving smile.

Until the goal,
Though it may be
Some thousands miles away,
Will welcome me, long wandering,
But not lost, into its glorious fold.

—*T. A. B.*

HAUNTED.

BY J. C. WILSON.

In the roseate blush of Dawn,
On the dew-wet flowery lawn,
Oft I see
Visions of a maiden's face,
With the fairest form and grace,
Come to me.
In the floodlight of the day,
Wheresoe'er my steps may stray,
E'en in pain,
Do I seek to find a spot
Where her image haunts me not,
Yet in vain!

In the twilight's deepening gloom,
Shut within my darken'd room,
Even there
Looks into my hungry heart,
Making all its longing start,
Face so fair!
Lost in slumber's mystic maize,
Treading spirit-haunted ways,
In my dreams
We are walking hand in hand
In a fair, enchanted land
By its streams!

Oh, the *pain* and yet the *bliss*
Of a passion such as this
To my heart!
Oft I sigh for liberty,
Then, for fear it granted be,
How I start!
Hush, my heart, thy pinings sore
Keep thy secrets evermore
Locked within!
Let no taint or blush of shame
Dim the lustre of thy name—
Do no sin!

"THE NIGHT BEFORE."

And to-morrow was to be her wedding day!

The young woman, with her hair streaming over her shoulders and a light wrap thrown around her, was in her own little room for the last night.

She had denied herself to any of her friends, even to her maid of honor, who had been her companion since Pinafore days.

In her own little room, with which so many memories dear to her heart were connected, she wished to be alone for the last few hours of her maidenhood.

It was after twelve, and the other members of the wedding party, except the brides'-maids, who were with her in her home, had gone to their homes.

There had been a rehearsal and much merriment, but, in spite of it all, the girl who was to be married felt depressed, and found it a task to appear as cheerful as the others. She was tired; she wanted quiet—a little time to rest and think.

After kissing her mother good-night, she spoke lightly to all the girls, and ran upstairs to her room. She closed the door, turned the key, then went quietly about her preparations.

She surveyed the dear little room with its charming apartments, so suggestive of her happy young life—pictures, books, pennants, college flags, tennis rackets, souvenirs of all kinds, bric-a-brac, picked up in her travels. She gazed around her for a few moments, then, with a melancholy smile, she walked over and put more fuel on the fire, then turned out the lights.

This done, she took up a quaint sandalwood box, and seated herself on a great bearskin before the fire, which had flared up and now sent a warm soft glow over the cozy apartment.

Dreamily, she opened the box, and a feeling of sadness came over her as she thought of its contents. A packet of old letters lay on top. "From Dick," she murmured, as she slowly untied the faded ribbon. "His last year at Yale. We were such good friends. I hope the pretty little blonde girl he married makes him as happy as he used to think I would." She laid them one by one on the fire, and each in turn flared up for a moment and died away.

A bunch of withered and faded violets came next. "My coming-out party. How happy I was when his violets came, and how glad he was that I wore them!" As she said this she put them on the ashes of the letters.

She took up a photograph. "Dear little old rascally 'Billy,'" she said. "He was such a flirt and such a poor student. How did he ever get his degree, I wonder? How well I remember the first time I ever met him—at the New Year's hop. He was a splendid dancer. Such a long time ago, it seems. And now 'Billy,' an army officer in the Philippines." Thoughtfully she laid it on the coals and saw it burn, redden, and grow white.

She sat thus a long time, pondering before looking into the box again.

"The football game between Yale and Harvard, when good old blundering

Bob made his star play, and said it was all because of my watching him." She sighed and laid a knot of scarlet ribbon in the grate.

Thus she lifted out, one after the other, the little trinkets of her happy girlhood, till only a few remained.

A dance programme held her attention next. "One, two, three, four, five, six," she counted off. "We sat most of them out in the conservatory. It was so cool and inviting there—and just the place to exchange confidences. I did like him, and after all, perhaps, I would have been happy had I accepted him."

Taking up a fan next, she opened it, and heard the gauzy material tear and fall apart. Attached to the handle was a card; she read it. "Poor little fan!" she murmured. "But, dear me! Why should I weep over it? He has forgotten it all, I 'm sure." It shared the fate of the other things.

Lastly, she took out a small gold locket and opened it. It contained the picture of a little boy. She kissed it and clasped the chain around her neck. She threw back her hair and exclaimed, "Why should I feel melancholy? He is worth them all. I have loved him since he wore kilts, and, I 'm sure, I never did intend to marry anyone else."

She arose, stirred the dying fire, and walked to the window.

The east was growing gray. "My wedding morn!" she cried.

SPRING.

BY L. B. THOMAS.

O Spring! the sweetest season of the year,
When life and light and everything is dear;
When fiery love fills every human breast,
And all of Nature seems to lie at rest;
When flowers all bloom and birds all sing,
We think of thee, O gentle Spring!

When fields are green and fragrant flowers are bright,
And woods are filled with a queer, yet lovely light;
When Nature clothes her children in their neatest;
When life is happiness and love is sweetest;
When this whole earth is a merry ring,
We feel 't is time at last for Spring.

When the twilights bright are sweet and full of song;
When happy days can never be too long;
When joy beams bright from every person's face,
And lovers nightly have their trysting-place;
When balmy breezes thou dost bring,
We know that thou art here, sweet Spring.

LULLABY TO A HEART-CRY.

BY J. C. WILSON

Cease thy sighing, hungry heart,
  Lest some unkind Spirit's ear
Of thy longings hear *a part*
  And guess *all* thy hope and fear.
Hide the pain that 's sweet to thee,
  Tell it not by sign nor word;
Spirits blend in mystery
  When no syllable is heard.

Dream *in secret* all thy dreams,
  Tell them not till life is done;
Then, perhaps, in Spirit realms
  Thou canst *sing* them *all alone.*
In the closet of the soul
  Bow before thine Idol's shrine,
And, where clouds of incense roll,
  Veil thy homage, heart of mine.

MY CASTLE IN THE AIR.

BY ANNIE O. TAYLOR.

Did you ever, my children, build castles in the air,
  Castles of gold and ruby, castles of humble stone,
Built in the twilight gloaming, the gleam of moonlight fair,
When forth from his shadowy cloud-home creeps the great Bear,
And the beautiful, beaming Venus lets down her golden hair?
  Then you seem wrapt in silence, sitting apart and 'lone.

Often thus in still night, when I drank the moonlight's wine,
  I would sit with hands infolded, thinking of future time;
My brain o'erflowing with fancies in the pale moon's glamorous shine,
Building my castle slowly, with longing rich and fine;
No aid of earthly building, I gave no outward sign.
  Silently rose my castle, untouched by brick or lime.

Ever a toueh to be added, ever a eurtain or light;
Nor is then eompleted, nor shall be through all my life;
Building ever, my children, till I pass into deathly night;
Toiling wearily onward till it passes from my sight,
At what was begun in play and the strength of youthful might
And shall be ended in age, an age with memories rife.

First only a butterfly strueture, built by ehildish hands,
Gay in eolor and tint, a thing all rieh and bright;
Pieture-hung and painted, marbled with golden bands;
Happy faneies falling upon life-glowing sands.
At last, in death's dark portals, looking to other lands,
I pray, all perfeet, my eastle may meet my Master's sight.

MY VISION.

BY ARTHUR AYERS.

While the moon is brightly shining
In the vault of heaven above
I sit here in contemplation,
Dreaming of my distant Love.

While I peer into the shadows,
Whieh the silvery rays surround,
Many forms rise up before me,
Standing forth without a sound.

But, pre-eminent among them,
There is one who is to me
More than all the hosts of flowers
To the honey-gathering bee.

And about her is a radianee,
Coming from some unseen plaee,
Whieh shows forth in living beauty
All the glory of her faee.

So to thee, my Life, my Sweetheart,
Now I pledge my love to thee,
Just to do as thou wilt with it—
Keep, or send it baek to me.

As the midnight hour approaehes,
And the moon refuses light,
I will bid to thee, my Sweetheart,
An affeetionate good-night.

YES OR NO?

BY T. A. W.

When the father and the mother
  Were asleep upstairs so sound;
When the cold north wind was blowing;
  When the snow was on the ground;
When the fire was brightly burning;
  When the light was turned down low;
Did you ever pop the question?
  Did she answer, Yes or No?

Did you ever sit beside her
  On a moonlight night in June,
When the gentle breeze was laden
  With the flowers' sweet perfume?
Did you ever hold her dainty hand,
  And on her brow a kiss bestow?
And when you popped the question
  Was her answer, Yes or No?

Did you ever have an aching heart
  Keep you awake at night?
Did you lay in thought and study
  'Neath the moonbeam's golden light?
Did you arise next morning
  With the feeling of unrest?
Did you plan just how to win her,
  How to get the answer, Yes?

Oh, never be disheartened!
  Keep happy, bright, and gay,
For time will bring things unforeseen
  To brighten your dark way;
And never let a woman's love
  Hold you in magic spell,
And never say you could not love
  Another one as well.


ATHLETICS
G.D.W.
1906

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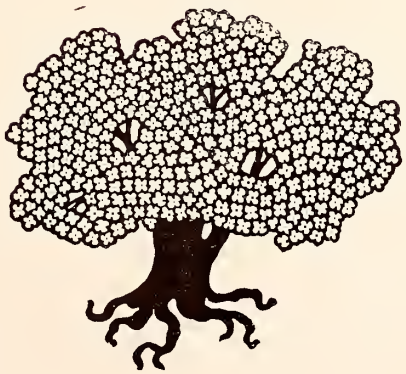
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BASEBALL TEAM, 1905.

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S. W. U. *vs.* T. S. D. & D.	8— 4	S. W. U. *vs.* A. & M.	0—1
S. W. U. *vs.* Trinity	1— 2	S. W. U. *vs.* T. C. U.	0—2
S. W. U. *vs.* Trinity	1— 0	S. W. U. *vs.* T. C. U.	0—3
S. W. U. *vs.* St. Edwards	1— 7	S. W. U. *vs.* Baylor	1—4
S. W. U. *vs.* U. of Texas	1—10	S. W. U. *vs.* Trinity	2—3
S. W. U. *vs.* T. C. U.	0—10	S. W. U. *vs.* Trinity	4—0
S. W. U. *vs.* T. C. U.	5— 1	S. W. U. *vs.* Arkansas	1—3
S. W. U. *vs.* Baylor	5— 1	S. W. U. *vs.* Arkansas	9—3
S. W. U. *vs.* Austin College	0— 2		

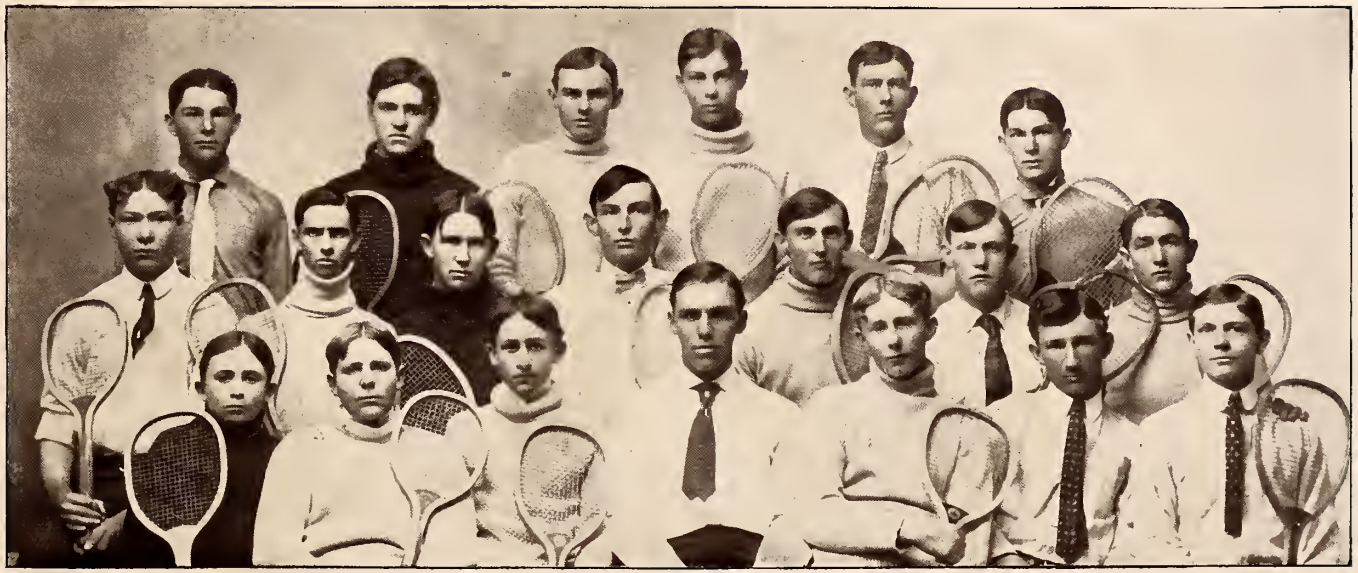


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GILES, CAPTAIN.



TRACK TEAM.



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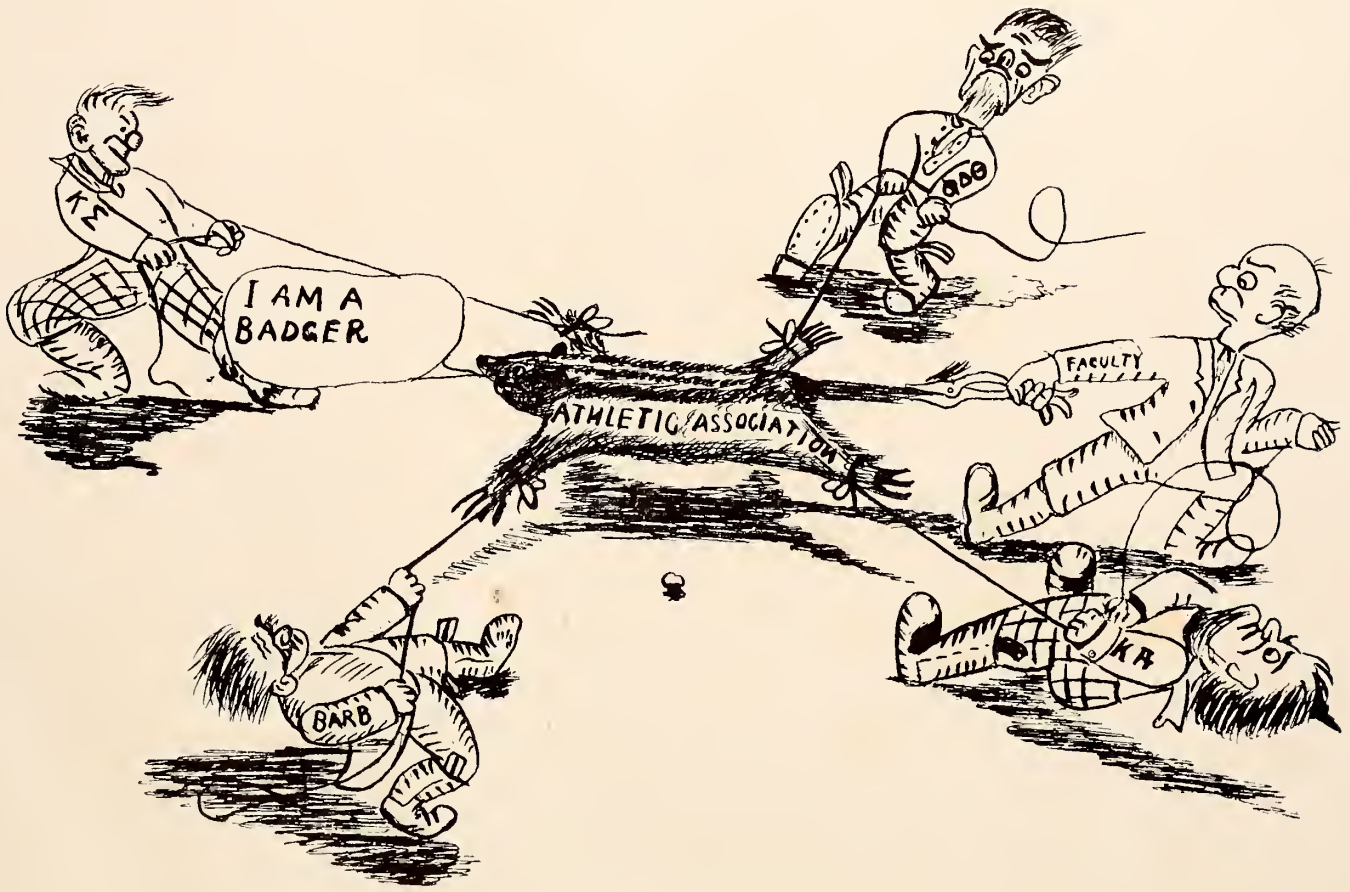
BASKETBALL TEAM.



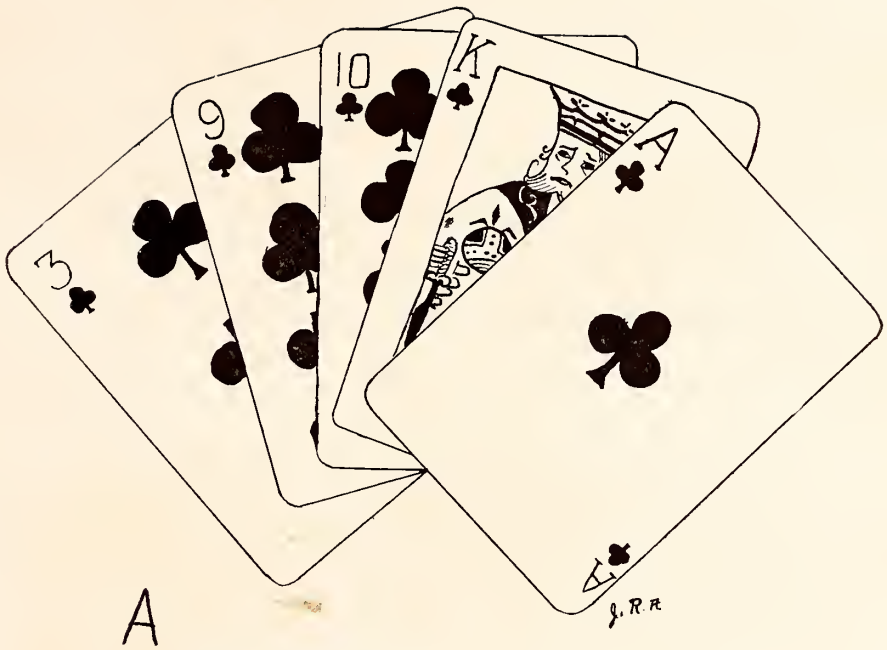
BASKETBALL TEAM.

BASKETBALL TEAM OF LADIES' ANNEX.

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GERMAN CLUB.

HISTORY OF THE GERMAN CLUB.

The Chair of German was filled this year by Prof. M. C. Amos, a native German, and a very capable instructor, who is thoroughly enthusiastic over his work, cheerfully offering his services to assist the students of his department in any way possible. His suggestion that the students organize a German Club for the purpose of acquiring greater efficiency in speaking the German language, was readily accepted.

The "German Conversation Club" was organized November 4, 1905, with a membership of forty-one. Among those enrolled may be found the names of two of the Faculty, Professors M. C. Amos and S. H. Moore, nine members of the Senior Class, and a number of other prominent students.

The Club began work in the usual business-like manner, drawing up a Constitution and electing officers. The proceedings are carried on entirely in German, and the Censor Morum is constantly on duty to fine anyone speaking an English word.

The Club meets once a week, and every two weeks a regular programme is rendered, consisting of debates, orations, readings, and music.

One obstacle in our road to success is, that we are compelled to use one of the lecture-rooms for our meetings, as there is no other available room. We hope to have a nicely furnished hall next year, and are working with this end in view.

In addition to the work done in the Club, literature is being collected to fit up a German alcove in the Library. Over three hundred and fifty volumes have been purchased this year, and there is still a surplus of $700 with which to buy books. We have received in contributions recently aver $1,000 for the Library, and we hope, in the near future, to increase this amount to $2,000. A large part of that sum was donated by the German Mission Conference; but Professor Amos and the students of the several German Classes have contributed most liberally to this worthy cause.

We are striving to become efficient in the German language and to be a credit to S. W. U. Our Motto is, "Übung macht den Meiser."

—*Lucile Campbell.*

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'06

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THE SOU'WESTER.

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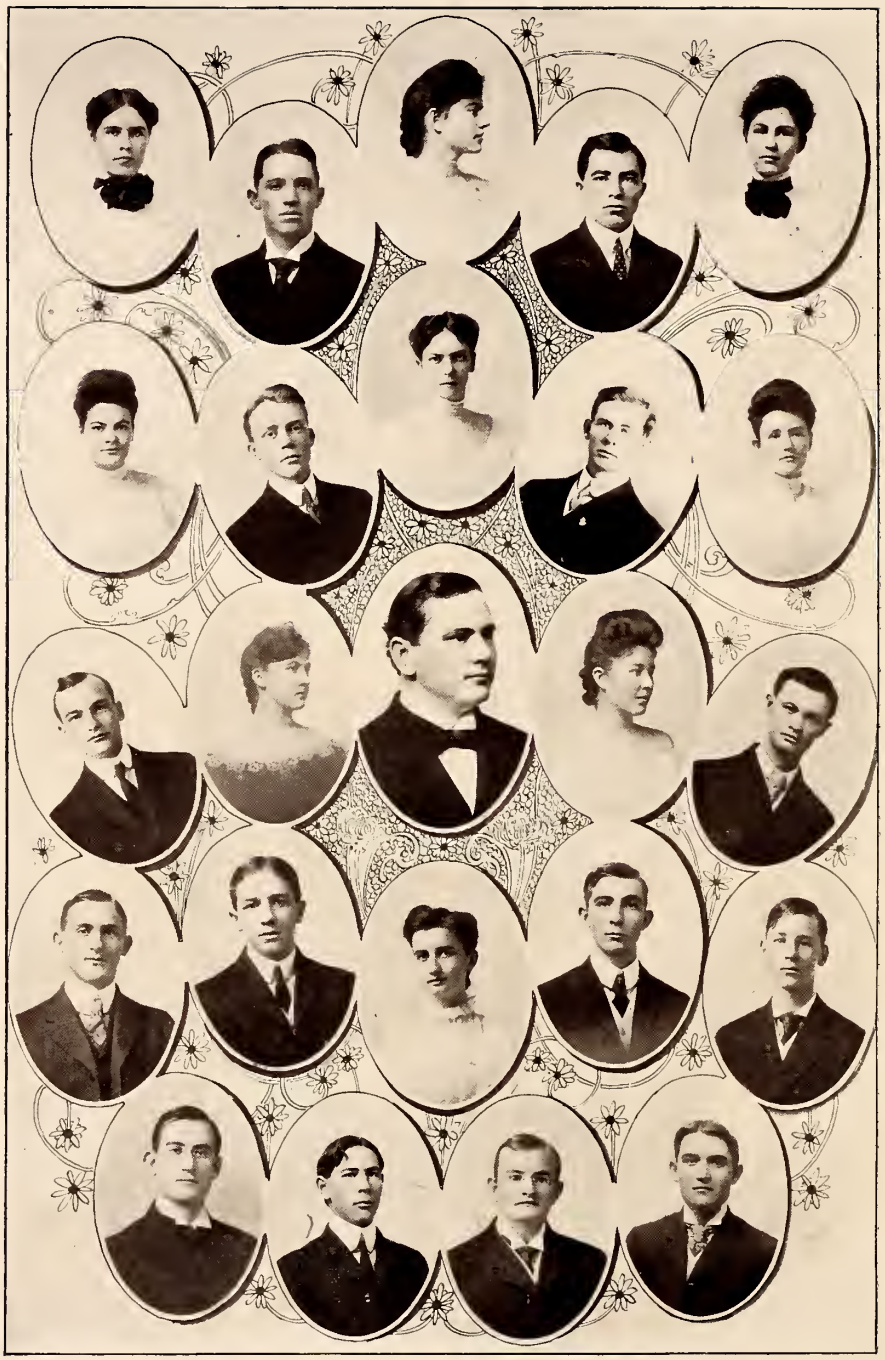
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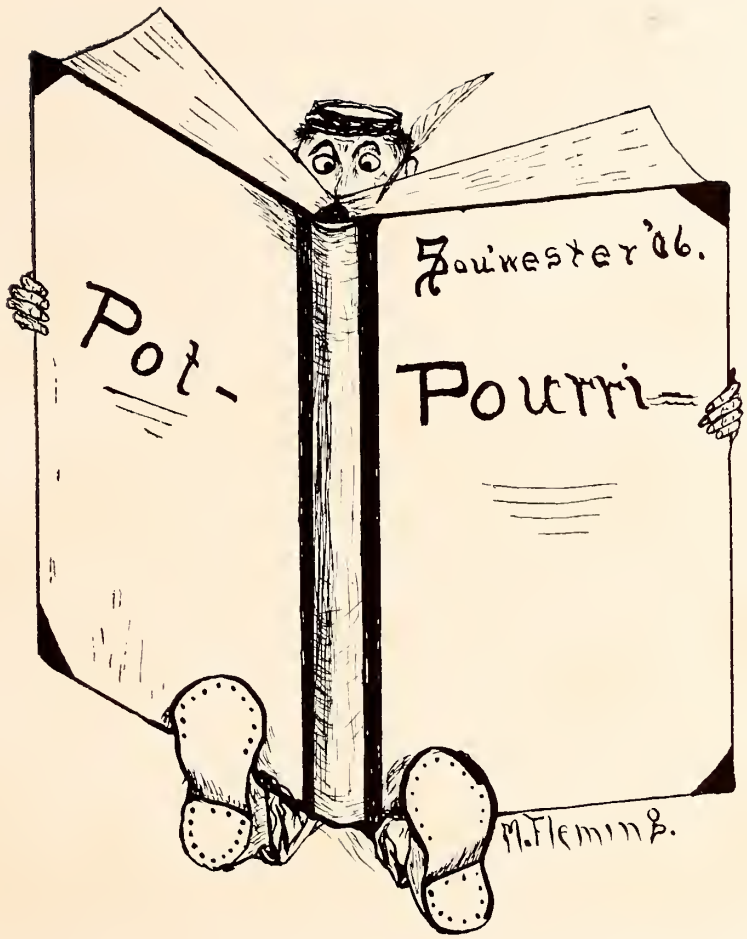
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"THE SENIOR."

PUBLISHED DAILY COMMENCEMENT WEEK BY THE SENIOR CLASS.


Pot-
Sou'wester '06.
Pourri
M. Fleming.



A RESOLVE.

I give my pledge to everybody
I 'll never drink another toddy;
I 'll never cut another card,
Nor roll the dice again,
For if I win, 't is merely luck;
I 'll sure lose in the end.

I 'll never smoke a cigarette,
A pipe, or a cigar,
And as to "cussing," I can say
I 've never gone that far.
I 'll never chew the navy plug;
I 'll never bet again;
I 'll swear to this by all the good
That 's ever found in man.

From these vile things I 'm going to make
  A man that 's clean and free.
I 'm going to ask some pretty maid
  To some day marry me,
And when she asks me very plain
  If I chew or drink or roll the dice,
I then can say, with conscience clear,
  "Why no, Sweetheart, I am too nice."

A BACHELOR'S LAMENT.

Now in a single state I sit,
  While all the fair ones round me move;
Some years ago I did not care
  To lose myself in the depths of love.

I 'm fifty now; I was thirty when
  I doubted every glance and smile;
My head is bald, gray locks are mine;
  And I 've been single all the while.

O woman, fairest flower
  Ever born to bless the land!
May your days of joy and happiness
  Continue without an end.

You were not born to blush unseen;
  Your duty here 's to bless.
Oh, what a fool we men have been
  To live a life of singleness!

Go on, young man; press bravely on;
  Win for your crown a star;
I give you advice because I can—
  I am a bachelor.

My fondest hopes are rising;
  I feel quite young and free.
If any old maid will have a *young* man,
  Please, kindly write to me. —*Prof. Burcham.*

Dr. Allen is so very queer,
For when he announced that a party was near,
  The boys, being delighted
  Because they were invited,
At once set up a hearty cheer.

This put the Doctor into a flurry,
And at their glee seemed to worry.
  He got on a tare,
  Tore his hair,
And called off the party in a hurry.



IN THE REALM OF DREAMS.

I fell asleep, and I, in my dreams, transversed a great waste. And behold I came to the River Styx, and thereon was Charon, and he went to and fro many times, yet few were those whom he carried across.

I spake unto him thus: "How is this come to pass? It is told in the world from which I come that the great multitudes who departed thence came hither, and by thy ferry reached the spirit world."

And Charon looked upon me and spake, saying: "Knowest thou of a place in that world called Southwestern University?" I said, "I do." And Charon spake again: "Knowest thou also a man of that place who is of great stature and corpulence, and who speaks continually with artful words of a place called Dormitory?" And I felt in my pocket and answered sadly, "Him I know and of the artfulness of his speech also." And then Charon waxed warm and spake, saying: "Behold, he passed this way, and with him was a small man with a beard; the same, I believe, was a magician, for he spake at all times of a spirit which he called College Spirit. Now, these two came down together to the ferry, and, beholding the multitude assembled, said: 'Behold, here are many people and much money,' for each of the multitude had the coin to which I am entitled as ferryman. The corpulent one spake on, and said: 'Let us now take up a collection.' And he spake wondrously with eloquence and pathos and at times with the kind of speech called hurrahing, and many of the multitude gave and I also. And then the small man—he of the beard—spake, talking of his spirit which he called college and of a thing called Athletics, and the rest of the multitude gave and I also.

"And while they spake there came another of great height and of small breadth, and he looked as if just arisen from slumber. And on the outskirts of

the multitude afar off there arose a murmur, and that which they uttered was, 'Sleepy.' And the two that spake and he whom the multitude called 'Sleepy,' came down to the waterside, after putting the coin of the multitude in a bag, which was guarded by two other spirits, one of a sable hue and one very slight and fair, who continually made notes on a paper.

"And when they were come, the three together, down to the waterside, he whom they named 'Sleepy' spake and said: 'I have been above, and when I would have entered, he that guarded the gate said, "What is this that thou would do?" and I answered, "Examine into my knowledge straightway, for I am worthy, so that I may enter." But he at the gate answered and said, "This may in no wise be so. It may be that you have of late done many good works—'crammed' on goodness, 'so to speak'; therefore it would be obviously unjust to admit you here among those who have done good works for long periods; therefore, go below, and serve your period of probation."

"Now," said Charon, "after he, called 'Sleepy,' had thus spoken to the multitude, he spake unto me again, saying, 'What are the entrance requirements of this place of shades?' And I, Charon, answered and said, 'Of these things I know not. He who would enter here must pay his fee and be carried over.' Then spake the slumberer scornfully, saying, 'This is a place of "Preps"; let us go hence. No entrance requirements to Hades! The idea!'

"Then spake again he of great stature, and said: 'Behold, it came to pass, at the place called Georgetown, in the temple called Methodist, I had a vision, and prophesied. Let us take the coin of the multitude and go forth and build according to the prophecy which I uttered.' And they departed hence, and the multitude followed."

And Charon pointed out the way and I went therein. As I journeyed, it came to pass that a concourse of spirits passed me, and two were behind the others and wore strange symbols upon their vest pockets, and I spake with them, and one spake, saying: "We are of the tribe of 'Frat' of the people of the San Jacks, and have fled thence, because of the might of the barbarians." And we journeyed on together, and came to a track, on which passed and repassed great cars. And I spake unto the conductor of one of these, saying: "What is this way and whither goest it?" And he said: "It is the line of the Physo-Parallism, owned and operated by one 'Doc,' and leads to the place of the vision prophesied by him of great stature and corpulence." And when I asked him again, saying, "By what are these great cars operated?" he answered and spake thus, "By Hot Air." Then I paid the fare, and went.

Once upon a Sabbath mornin',
When the day-dawn was a-bornin',
  And the poor old night was dyin' in the mists along the shore;
While I lay in bed a-sprawlin',
Suddenly I heard a bawlin',
Like Beelzebub a-callin',
  Callin' at my chamber door;
  And I flung my bootjack at 'im, at that donkey at my door.
  May I hear him nevermore!



FACULTY MEETING.

Time: Tuesday, 4 to 6:30 P. M.
Place: Dr. Hyer's Office.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Dr. Hyer (gazing steadfastly at the floor).
Dr. Allen.
Prof. Pegues (very busy over the exam papers of month before last).
Prof. Moore (nodding).
Prof. Reedy (studying a recent edition of a popular author's course in voice culture).
Prof. Amos (reviewing British Museum Catalogue in search of new German Parallel).
Prof. Vaden (abstractedly consulting a Hinds & Noble edition of Virgil).
Prof. Cody (seated at a table, teaching Professor Barcus to play Solitaire).
Prof. Tinsley (ceases drumming on the window-sill with his pencil and suddenly exclaims): "Although Prof. Young is absent, I know I have his hearty coöperation in the matter which I wish to bring up this afternoon (rising). Gentlemen, something must be done to arouse more college spirit in our boys. I would suggest that this may only be brought about by closer association of Faculty and student, and to accomplish this result I suggest the organization of a Faculty ball team, games to be scheduled every Monday afternoon. In this way we may come in closer contact with the student-body."

Prof. Moore (waking up suddenly): "No, no; the exercise is somewhat too violent. Let 's add our talent to the Glee Club."

Prof. Pegues: "I favor Prof. Moore's suggestion, as I believe that the work in the Glee Club will more highly develop our romantic tendencies and love for the beautiful."

Dr. Hyer: "Gentlemen, I rather favor the ball team movement, for I have developed a formula by which a man may make a 'home run' without passing over third base."

Dr. Allen: "I also favor the ball team suggestion, as I was considered quite an athlete in my college days, and, as a mask is rather becoming to me, I speak for the place of catcher."

Prof. Cody: "As for me, I am heartily in favor of the organization of the ball team, and think that you will plainly see I am competent to occupy the pitcher's place, for I am able, as I can demonstrate by drawing a graph of its parabola, to throw a ball which will describe two convex curves."

Prof. Moore (overwhelmed with all this argument): "I withdraw my suggestion about the Glee Club and agree to the ball team, provided I am allowed to play 'short stop.' (Aside:) I 've noticed that one may sit down and catch all the balls coming to 'short stop.' "

Prof. Tinsley: "Gentlemen, not only on account of Dr. Hyer's position, but also on account of the 'home-run' stunt, I am satisfied he ———."

Enter John R. Nelson (hair dishevelled, a telegram in hand, exclaiming): "Gentlemen, the good work goes on. Listen to this:

" '*To John R. Nelson, D.D., Georgetown, Texas.*

" 'Will be delighted to donate one mouse trap for use in new dormitory. May your vision come true.

" 'Yours in the work, ANDREW CARNEGIE.' "

After instructing the Treasurer to pay the C. O. D. charges on the telegram and telegraphing one of thanks to the donor of the gift, the Faculty adjourned going on their homeward way greatly encouraged. —*Wetwo.*

Pluto, our worthy Professor of Greek,
Is dignified, and, withal, quite meek.
We 're sad to say,
We 're afraid some day
That the top of his head will be sleek.

There's the funniest man they call "Sleepy,"
Who goes around, Oh, so creepy!
But if you flunk in his classes
And fail to make passes,
It makes you feel kinder weepy.

Prof. Cody's jokes have almost worn out,
And without them he 's hardly able to get about,
So send him some more—
At least three or four,
And his pupils will thank you, no doubt.

ALPHABET.

A is for Allen, a jolly old chap.
His classes all like when he's taking a nap.
A is also for Annex, but everyone knows
That the Doctor takes it with him wherever he goes.

B is for "Barbs," who by study and vim,
May sometimes win honors, though their girls don't wear pins.

C is for Chapel, and irony of fate—
The Freshmen come early, the Faculty late.

D is Distinction, a height most precarious;
The roads leading away from it are many and various.

E is for English, a road to the "sheepskin";
But there are graves by the wayside that many Preps are buried in.

F is for "Frat" and Faculty, too;
One rides a goat, the other rides you.

G is for Georgetown, an exception quite plain
To the rule that "container must exceed the contained."

H is for Henry, to Freshmen well known,
Whom to class-room and Library the way he has shown.

I is the initial of the I. & G. N.;
It goes when its ready, comes back when it can.

J is for June and also for Joys;
The two have become synonyms to most college boys.

K is for Katy, to Austin the way;
One may go after classes and get back before day.

L is for Library, where, though we don't like to boast,
One may take post-graduate work in a flirtation course.

M is for Mess Hall, inhabited by boys;
No volume could tell of its sorrows and joys.

N is for the night that the Freshmen all ran.
You 'd have thought Tam O'Shanter was abroad in the land.

O is for office, where we go for our mail.
Some letters to Dad would make Ananias turn pale.

P is for passes, which bother us all;
Especially those of us who want to play ball.

Q is for questions in Ganot exam.
If we were asked how to hold water, we 'd certainly say dam.

R is for run and also for "grind."
If one can't do the one he 'll get the other oft times.

S is for societies, which are getting to be
A course in practical politics, free.

T is for Theology, a course that saves money—
The number that take it is really funny.

U is for University, of which we are proud,
And we hope that to its class-rooms many students will crowd.

V is for the value of the boys' new dormitories
To cost fifty thousand and be of five or six stories.

W is for work, and, 't is very true,
If you don't beat the Faculty you 'll have it to do.

X stands for the number in this year's grad class,
Who were absolutely certain of making a pass.

Y is for yell, and without malicious intention
We think of the Glee Club whenever 't is mentioned.

Z is for Zoölogy, a study that outclasses
Even Spanish and French for the making of passes.

A TOAST.

I lift my glass to pledge the health
Of the Freshmen, young and bold.
Their value has never been reckoned, but
They are said to be worth more than gold.

Through years gone by they 've been lifted on high
By poet, author, and bard;
And, tho' sometimes they must tread upon thorns,
Their lot isn't so very hard;

For they 've evoluted above the Prep,
And have the exquisite pleasure (?)
Of taking History, English, and Greek,
And anything else for good measure.

They are given also the chance to go
To the Annex, once in a while,
And to stand exams which don't bring good grades,
But always produce a broad smile.

So lift up your glass, drink long and deep
To the final unequaled success,
Of the budding alumni of S. W. U.,
All those in the Freshman Class.

WANTS OF SOU'WESTER SUBSCRIBERS.

WANTED—To exchange my heart for a frat pin. Laura Fowler, care Annex.

WANTED—By every Annex girl—a curl of Mr. Chapman's hair.

WANTED—By a man addicted to hasty flights of passion and sudden loss of temper, some permanent preventative. Address Dr. Allen, care Annex.

Am overstocked with conceit—can be had in all amounts. Apply to J. W. Chapman, Biology Room, University Building.

GREAT BARGAIN—My heart, though badly fractured and punctured, has been mended so damage can hardly be detected, is again ready for active service. If applied for at once will go cheap. Anne Johnston, care Annex.

WANTED—To exchange photographs with you. W. Y. Switzer.

WANTED—A nice loveable girl. She must be tame. Address "Cupid" McNeil, care The Sou'wester.

WANTED—A sack to carry melodious tunes in. B. O. Hill, care Annex.

WANTED—To trade faces with some nice-looking young man. L. B. Newberry, box 1416.

WANTED—A muzzle. Must be in good and serviceable condition. Have outgrown the one I wear and will exchange. Will give most any reasonable "boot" for the same. See me at once. T. J. Mosley, care W. A. Tarver.

WANTED—A shoe horn to put on hat with. R. B. Curry, care The Sou'wester, Drawer 13.

WANTED—Some one to raise bird seed for the Glee Club. Address L. F. Chapman, Mgr., care The Sou'wester.

Send for W. A. Tarver's free booklet, "How I Grew Tall." All correspondence strictly confidential.

DON'T BE THIN!!—Send us your name and address and we will mail you a week's free trial treatment of our wonderful specific "Ug-Etf-At." It has helped millions, it will help you. Address Drs. Aldridge & Gephardt, care Sou'wester.

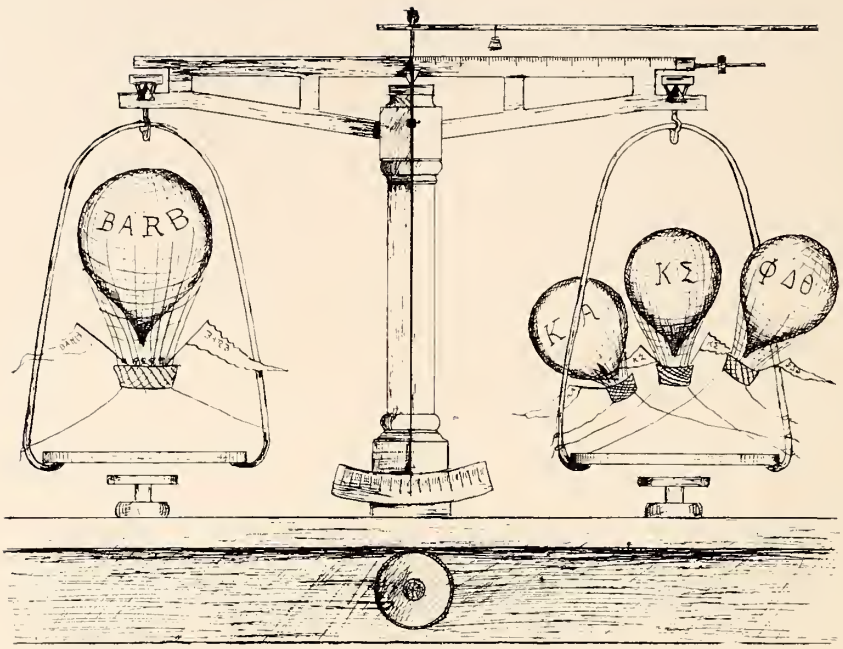
Madame Dan Tucker's Beauty Parlors, Mess Hall campus. Clear complexion guaranteed. Ocular and Orist apartments in connection. Small eyes, lengthy ears, and kindred troubles properly adjusted without the knife.

WHY BE FAT?—Send for illustrated booklet showing how obesity may be cured. F. C. Lewis, the Old Reliable Manfacturing Chemist.



SOLID COMFORT.

To have it, take a hall, dim lit;
A pair of stairs where two may sit;
Of retreating footsteps, far below—
The Librarian, you know;
Of little love-licks, one or two,
Or one squeezed hand, instead, will do;
A waist—the right size to embrace;
And two red lips—rose-red—to taste,
And if the lips are soft and sweet,
You 'll find your happiness complete.



Wonderful Discovery!! Two New Bodies without Weight!!

They have resisted all efforts to determine their weight and are therefore supposed to have none. Will not combine with other bodies more inert than Argon. Like Radium they are sources of heat. Invisible, permanent gases, with occasional bad odor.

A GRAD.

His legs are lean and lank and long;
His face looks like wheat bran;
He eats up exams;
He hates all shams
And imagines himself a man;
Amusingly, smiles at the Faculty fair,
For now he owes no credits there.

THE ANNEX.

Come all you youths adventurous,
And I 'll relate something to you
Of a wondrous place called Annex
In the old S. W. U.

There are maidens in a castle,
As in some old-time fairy tale,
But the ample form that guards then.
Wears no ancient coat of mail.

This dragon is most curious—
Wears glasses all the while,
But if you smile upon the Annex
He can see you for a mile.

But to describe these Annex maidens
My lyre is out of tune;
Might as well try to sing the beauties
Of the glorious harvest moon.

The boys all stand and wonder,
And greatly envy, too,
Their skill in cutting classes,
And evading the strictest rule.

They are skilled at riding ponies—
Vulgarly dubbed "Jacks"—
And in working Mathematics
And some Profs, too, in fact.

They chat in the Library,
And flirt upon the stair
And wear their hated uniforms
With a truly regal air.

They smile upon us at receptions,
And are all that heart could wish;
But Oh! they "roast" us afterwards
Across a chafing-dish.

They can make a fine welch rarebit,
When a box is smuggled through.
Oh, 't is truly wonderful
The things the Annex do.

LIBRARY OF
SOUTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

A GRAD PARTY.

Although this production has for its subject "A Grad Party," the real purpose of the writer is to portray the freakish natures and extremely dangerous characters of two Seniors of the masculine gender. How either so "bumfuddled" the Faculty into allowing them to attend our honorable institution, is a mystery indeed. However, after tracing up their past records, it is natural to conclude that our beloved instructors were intimidated by the piercing eyes of one, while the tender, innocent, feminine appearance of the other melted their hearts from pure pity. But they are with us now, and we must be careful to avoid dispute with them, else endanger our lives, or be censured for "teasing the baby." Now, of course, it would not be right to mention the names of these two celebrities, but, in order to distinguish them, we will call the dangerous one by the *nom de plume* "Cutie Kilie, the Annex Pest," and the little one rightly deserves the title of "Willie Boy, Mamma's Little Gem."

There are some boys and girls here who endeavor to keep in the social swim by having what they call "Grad Parties." They call themselves Grads, and seem to think it their duty to butt in on all occasions, and offer such advice, or make such suggestions, as they deem wise. To an under-classman it is extremely disgusting to have some one present who persists in telling how to do the right thing at the proper time.

One day, during the month of last November, the Class of '06 mockingly whispered to the Freshies and Sophs that another 42 party would be pulled off during the forepart of the night, and several of the less discreet Seniors made statements that no hazing or "rinding" would be tolerated.

When the hour set for the beginning of the entertainment was approaching, flitting shadows seemed to be silently hovering around the places where the boastful Seniors were making elaborate preparations to go out with the fair sex. A keen ear might have occasionally heard a muffled whistle or a cat-call, which was usually followed by a deep voice to the tune of "Another Grad, Boys." Then the unfortunate victim would be pounced upon and marched away to the campus, there to undergo a series of dancing, singing, and "rinding." This "rinding" was manipulated by the strenuous flapping of nicely proportioned pine paddles, which seemed to beat a tattoo on certain peculiar parts of the human make-up.

Then—humiliated, crestfallen, and "rinded"—the once haughty Grads were ordered by their tormentors to retire at double-quick time. All (the underclassmen) seemed to be having a large evening and enjoying themselves immensely, until it occurred to some one that Kilie and the infant had been overlooked in the fun. Immediately a squad of braves was detailed to go to the huts of these freaks and gently persuade them that their presence was necessary to complete the celebration.

But Kilie and Willie had anticipated just such a visit, and when they discovered they were surrounded by a bunch of the human species that means business, their cute smiles and pleasing facial expressions died down and were replaced by vexation and wrath. It was then that the boy from Louisiana—a veritable

smasher of female hearts—lost his head and played the part of the four-legged animal with long ears and a characteristic bray. So eager was he to get to the Annex that he determined to show the Texas lads, on the outside in waiting, that he had a mean disposition. Guess what he did? Did he go out and offer to take his dose like a man, and still retain the good-will of the underclassmen? Did he conclude that it was better to humor his classmates than to be branded a "quitter?" No—not the cute boy from the thickets of Louisiana; "he heeps big man; he killie somebody." He went and got out an old family relic—a tool probably used by grandpa during the Revolution—a real curiosity—and old cap-and-ball scatter-gun. With a look of murder in his eyes, he raised the dear old relic, and, having aimed at the group outside, he pulled the trigger, and ——— and the crowd laughed.

It is useless to go further, since all who have heard about the above episode know that he is a joke and that soon he and his massive fire-piece will fall a prey to the squirrels.

Then there 's little Willie. How absurdly foolish to allow the little fellow to venture out alone in the dark. It has been intimated that he intended to take a girl out to the party. But surely that is only a rumor, since girls are not very fond of boy babies—especially at 42 parties. Neverthe'ess, Willie Boy had his mind made up to go, and so, rattle in hand, he started out. The little fellow had devised quite an ingenious method for baffling those who wanted his "rind.", When they pounced him he pulled a long bottle from his hip pocket, and, deliberately taking out the stopper, he threw the contents of the bottle in the eyes of the enemy, and then tore off at full speed. The child h doubtless read that ammonia would affect the eyes, and his busy little mind grasped the idea that thus he could escape, while the pursuers were blind. But Willie Boy was captured and "spanked"—with the heavy pine paddles.

Now, since we have in a measure exposed a few traits of our two most peculiar specimens who have completed their stay at Southwestern, we draw the following conclusions:

Beware of cute young fellows from Louisiana—they are dangerous. Don't be deceived by innocent looks and a feminine appearance—you may get your eyes full of ammonia.

"May Kilie and little gun land safely again amidst the crocodiles of Louisiana,
And may bouncing little Willie grow as big and as wise as our statesman, Mark Hanna."

MESS HALL BLESSING.

Lord, if Thou wouldst keep us to Thee true,
Send us some steak that we can chew.
We like rich cream and coffee "long,"
But *not* the butter *quite* so strong.



A GRAD'S LAMENT.

In the first year "Prep," in a nebulous way,
I planned the outline of my "grad" essay.
But the troublous "exams" ploughed up my path,
And the fiery flame of a Freshman's wrath
Has caused my mind so troubled to be
That I forgot my "grad" essay entirely.

Till the voice of inexorable destiny,
In the mandate proclaimed by the Faculty,
Showed the duty I owed this mighty Nation
Of placing in its annals my "grad" oration.

I sought for subjects far and wide—
"Japan's Great Future," "England's Pride";
But some of the subjects had been taken before
And others hadn't, which troubled me more.

I thought of "Russia's Declining Day,"
And sought the Library straight away,
But others had there before me been,
And "X" was the only reference book in;
So I sat down to write, with my head in a whirl,
Of "Xanthippes' Influence on the Civilized World."

AN ODE TO A LITERAL TRANSLATION.

How clear to my mind is my work for to-morrow,
As my literal translation reveals it to view:
The case-forms, the gender, the puzzling idioms, and all those things that I 'm asked that no man ever knew;
The language of Horace, the concise words of Cæsar, and Virgil's long tales of heroes that fell,
Would, in my mind, confuse wholly with Pliny and Ovid, did not this painstaking author translate them so well.

This little brown volume I hail as a treasure,
And no one can tell of its value to me;
I 've found it a source of tens without measure, and, though low my exams were, I 've oft made a "D."
Many times have I scanned at it with mind that was troubled,
As with lesson unlearned and with class near at hand
I sought, mid its jumble of case-forms confusing, for the customs of Gaul or the worship of Pan.
Then away to the class, with my wisdom o'erflowing,
And I 'd make a ten, and my room-mate as well,
And, when safely away from the Faculty's hearing, we would praise the translation that served us so well—
The handy translation that the publishers sell.

And now do ask, how I chanced to obtain it,
This short road to Latin, dubbed "pony" and "jack?"
Well, I 'll tell it to you, but to none else would I name it:
It has an Annex girl's name in the back;
Once a leader of classes in that famed aggregation, but long since returned to her loved habitation,
Leaving behind her hearts that are sore and this little volume that I 've mentioned before.

Prof. Reedy, full of grace,
Loves a maiden, fair of face.
It 's hard to tell
Where he will dwell,
But anyhow he has a Place.

FATE OF THE STUTTERING DUDE.

Once upon a noonday Sunny
Came a Bee a-seeking honey
From the flowers, richly blooming in the meadow by the brook—
Came a Bee, his song a-humming,
As a lad and lass were coming
Hand-in-hand along the meadow (he a dude and she a cook);
Talking love each to the other, was the young green dude and cook,
Wandering idly by the brook.

'T was a June day when they wandered,
And the lavish Spring had squandered
Greenest verdure, sweetest flowers on the earth, in every nook;
And the sky was blue above them,
And the God of Cupid shrove them,
And infatuation drove them ever nearer to the brook,
Where the cattle browsed in clover, knee-deep by the babbling brook—
Wall-eyed, watching dude and cook.

And the poor dude's heart was thumping,
While his temples were a-jumping
With the blood so wildly coursing at the sweetness of her look.
As he saw her blushes rising,
With a suddenness surprising
He began at once devising purpose which his being shook—
Purpose then to "pop the question" in the meadow by the brook—
Question memorized from book.

Presently the youth grew bolder,
And his arm stole o'er her shoulder,
And the silence grew oppressive—speech at once the dude forsook.
In his throat there was a choking,
And his stuttering was provoking,
For his tongue was at her poking—all he did was stand and look
In the face of blushing maiden—just a blank and silly look—
In the silence by the brook.

And the maiden, coyly blushing,
E'en her heart within her hushing,
Waited for her beau to utter what she read within his look—
Came that Bee, his song a-singing,
Tangled in her hair a-winging,
With his stinger primed for stinging. Then that girl that dude forsook;
Left him gaping at a vacuum, in the meadow by the brook—
Naughty, tumbling, laughing brook!

And the poor dude, never speaking,
Like a Sphinx, is ever seeking
Reason why the blushing maiden him so suddenly forsook;
And his eyes have all the meaning
Of an ordinary green thing;
And the cow, her calf a-weaning, sees him standing by the brook,
Calf-like, with the kine around him in the meadow by the brook,
Petrified by Bee-scared cook.

TO THE CLASSES.

I sing to you a song of four,
The Freshman and the Sophomore,
The Junior and the Senior, too,
Who never any mischief do.

The Freshmen are the jolly ones;
A pass is all they try to get,
And all their thoughts are pointless puns;
They are a silly-jolly set.
To them this college life is new,
And we 'll excuse their faults so few.

We next see Sophs, both large and small;
They 've passed the Freshman goal and won
The right the Freshmen "Preps" to call;
But still they help the "Preps" have fun;
But then it 's only been a year
Since they as Freshmen did appear.

The Juniors are a quiet set;
You 'd hardly know that they were here;
But when the "Grads" a party get,
In warlike numbers they appear;
They know that they need have no fear
Until they are a "Grad" next year.

The Seniors are in numbers small,
And if their heads seem rather large
It is because they, one and all,
Of brains contain a heavy charge.
With all their brains the Seniors still
Can learn some more, if they but will.

THAT BELL!

There 's a bell in the old Prep chapel—
A bell that the classmen hate;
It rings before you 're ready, it rings to show you are late.
There 's a clapper in San Gabriel Creek, where the placid ripples run
There 's a grinning lad in the Freshman Class,
Who could tell how the deed was done.
The old ladder creaked in the belfry; somebody swore and said:
"It 's hard to open a trap-door that hangs right over your head."
But the claw-bar's teeth were rigid, the Freshman's will was strong,
And the Faculty was late to chapel, for the Prep bell-clapper was gone.

Prof. Young,—Please excuse me from reciting to-day, as I was in bed all last night. Yours affectionately, ED HARRIS.

May 3, 1906.

GRAD YELL.

Exams all passed!
Fees all paid!
Good cap, gown, and jack to trade!



HENRY.

The '06 SOU'WESTER is not yet before you—twenty pages yet remain that should interest you. Our advertisers deserve our patronage—they are your friends—we will show ourselves friendly.

When you have finished this book, if you wish to "knock," knock *yourself*, for you are the one who failed to help make it what it should be. If a little kindly wit is herein contained at your expense, count yourself fortunate, and resolve, deep down in your heart, to repay the compliment with interest in the next volume of the SOU'WESTER. If you think the book is not what it should be, leave it unsaid. By praising its good features you can make people believe it is "worth while," whether it is or not.

We acknowledge the fruitful efforts of those who have made this volume possible, and hope they will appreciate the book as much as we do their interest in us.

Again we thank you—we wish you well.

THE EDITOR.

IF IT'S

CHILLS

YOU HAVE IT'S

OXIDINE

YOU NEED

It is sold under an ABSOLUTE GUARANTEE and if you are not cured your druggist will refund your money. Made in regular and tasteless forms. Sold by all druggists for

50 Cents Per Bottle

You will find a large number of imitations which the manufacturers claim are the same as OXIDINE. We caution you against such statements. There is only one OXIDINE and we are the sole manufacturers. These imitators are merely trying to sell their cheap imitations on the strength of OXIDINE'S record

$1000 in GOLD

And Cost of Analysis will be paid to any person who can find a trace of Arsenic, Strychnine, Morphine, or any other poisonous or injurious drug in

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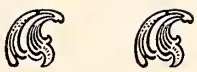
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